

Agnus Dei

by Darkglare

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Summary: After seeing Godric take charge in the church, Sarah Newlin thinks she has an epiphany after Eric glamours her.

## 1. Chapter 1

Obviously I wrote this after the second season and didn't know Amber was a vampire. Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters from the books or True Blood. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

\*\*Agnus Dei\*\*

\*\*Chapter 1\*\*

Sarah blinked. She was standing in front of an open window. Why did she come over here? Oh right, she was spending the night in turmoil. That was exactly the reason why she was here. She was troubled. Very troubled.

She had betrayed her marriage vows with Jason Stackhouse, artful deceiver. After hailing down a ride back to the church from where Jason left her, she walked in on the most incredible scene. Vampires in their church. This was Steve's moment to shine â€| but he didn't. It was Godric.

She had spoken to him briefly while he was in the basement. He had politely looked at her photograph of her sister, Amber, and said he had never met her. He even said he was sorry. Not that his words meant anything then because he was a lying vampire. Godric was so rational during the conflict in the church. No one was hurt, and he commanded all the other vampires to leave, they obeyed him.

Hugo had told them that Godric was the local vampire leader, but never that he wielded this sort of power. He gave a command, and it was obeyed. Even the vampires with their fangs out, less than an

the necks of helpless humans, released them, without even a little taste of blood.

Eric grinned, looking down at the blond twit from above. A glamour and a few suggestions, and she was babbling about all sorts of things. It wasn't his idea for her to start fancying Godric, yet she must have secretly to suddenly think Godric was the answer to everything that was wrong in her little, soap bubble of a self-righteous, intolerant world. She could be very entertaining since Eric had no clue what she had in mind.

\*\*\*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\*\*\*

It wasn't until Steve's plan was well underway that Sarah realized how her husband planned on getting back on the vampire leader. Sending Luke McDonald to his house to blow it up? Followed by men armed with guns with silver and wooden bullets, along with those with crossbows? She had gone into Steve's office, and found Hugo's cell phone number, but there was no answer. The police? Sarah didn't need that kind of scandal touching her church. She had worked too hard to allow Steve to turn their dream of honesty, love and God's grace into this. Vampires were evil, and God was vengeful. Forgiveness was only for God's children, humans, made in His own image. They did not need to take matters into their own hands. Vampires all died eventually, and they'd spend eternity in hell. That was much longer than even Godric's incredibly long life of two thousand years.

By the time Sarah got a set of keys and drove to the other side of Dallas, it was too late. There were police cars, EMT and fire engines everywhere. Streets were closed off. She went back home, and joined Steve watching the news. What she really wanted to do was find something heavy and hit him on the back of the head, hard enough to cross his eyes and wipe that self-satisfied grin off his face. Not only were vampires killed, but humans as well.

Sarah went to pray. Her sister, Amber, could have easily have been one of those humans. A fangbanger. God was always willing to give a second chance and offer forgiveness, but it was denied to all the humans that died tonight. Perhaps Steve was not even serious about what he told Godric about forgiveness. Just luring him here to have him burn up. Lying. Dishonesty â€| dishonesty, the very thing to which the Fellowship was opposed. Honesty was one of their main tenets.

She even planned to be honest with Steve regarding Jason. Sarah was going to leave Steve for Jason â€| now what did she have? Even with Gabe dead, Steve was still closing her out, doing foul deeds, and certainly was not the man of God she believed him to be.

Suddenly, she had an epiphany. Sarah already knew she had sinned. However, God forgave and there had been one person she had recently met that was an unlikely vessel for God's grace, but perhaps he could be the one. She knew it certainly was not Steve. And certainly not Jason Stackhouse.

\*\*\*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\*\*\*

Sookie was having a late lunch at the Hotel Carmilla, or more like their continental breakfast switched over to lunch things for the afternoon, with more humans now, then before a suicide bomber blew

himself up in Godric's nest. She was surprised because she knew these people didn't live there, but sensed they were here because they were worried and wanted the security. There were certainly a bunch of security folk around now, both uniformed and not. The shifty eyed fellow drinking a coffee two tables over was one.

Jason had joined her for a moment, but then someone from the night before caught his eye. Her brother thought she was hot so Sookie didn't stand in his way. He had to realize a vampire was involved in some way for her to have been at the gathering last night.

She had already watched television before coming down. The highlights of Nan Flanagan versus the Newlins was repeated every half hour on Headline News, and then there were a couple other news stations breaking down what was said. The Newlins were not looking so good, even on the non-vampire friendly station. Attacking someone's hair style? There was also a behind the scenes thing about the Newlins, but Sookie wasn't so sure that they were really breaking up. Steve and Sarah sort of went together like white bread and mayonnaise.

Down here at least, Sookie could relax with a drink and try to figure out if there was something special about vampire relationships other than the sex. Sex with Bill was great, but they had a lot more going for them than that.

Sex â€“| Sex with Blood â€“| Sex â€“| can't be noticed â€“| Sex â€“|  
\_what? Sookie tried to tune into that other thought. Was it someone from the Fellowship? Or another human companion that worked for them, like Hugo?

\_It's daytime. How am I going to find him? If I could only call on the telephone, but in person's better. He's met me. He knows I wouldn't have done something like that. How am I going to find him?\_

Sookie looked around. No one sitting here was looking for 'him'. She stood, and saw the least camouflaged outfit ever. Someone was wearing a bright yellow, terrycloth two-piece workout set that probably never saw a gym, with pristine white sneakers, a white baseball cap with the brim pulled low over a pair of huge sunglasses, and a blonde ponytail sticking out the back with a matching yellow scrunchy. The woman was even carrying a white handbag. A big, blond canary before Labor Day.

She glanced back at the group eating. No one was wearing a bright color other than a few splashes of red. Sookie was wearing a yellow and white dress. She went towards the lobby where the suspicious person was lurking. She had sat down and held a newspaper in front of her face. Sookie could tell she wasn't reading but listening.

\_How am I going to find him? I can't just ask, can I? How am I going to find him? I'm not going back to Steve. This is it. How am I going to find him? This is my calling. I need to find him.\_

Approaching the strange woman, Sookie thought she recognized her profile from the nose down. She seemed very familiar. It wasn't from last night â€“| "Sarah?" she asked.

The head turned slightly, and a whispered, "It's not what you

think."

"I don't know what I think."

"If you're not going to tell on me, go away. You'll draw attention to me."

"We're the only two people in this whole building wearing yellow. Maybe we should stick together."

"This is a huge mistake coming here, but I had to do something."

"Are you looking for my brother?"

"No," Sarah said, her voice raising to express a indignant whine.

"Than who?"

"I shouldn't say." \_Godric.\_

Sookie did not know how to answer that thought. Was Sarah thinking she was looking for Godric, or did his name randomly enter her head?

"Are you looking for one of the human friends of a vampire to save him or her?" Sookie asked, trying to put the best spin on it as possible.

"No. Please go away." \_How am I going to find him? \_

"Listen, you already know I'm a telepath and a name or two has already gone through your mind. What are you here for?" Then Sookie realized that if Sarah had some sort of weapon, she could use it on her. Smooth move, Ex-Lax.

"Fine. I want to speak to Godric. I want him to know I had nothing to do with some of the horrible things Steve did. I didn't even know. At first it was Steve and Gabe plotting together, and then last night, Steve came up with that bombing plan."

"Godric's not the kind of person to hold a grudge so I don't think he's going to need you to track him down to explain that."

"I need to see him." \_She doesn't understand. How can she? Woman's been steeped in sin for years. She has no idea of what she saw yesterday.\_

"I am not steeped in sin," Sookie answered, even though Sarah didn't say it aloud. "Are you going to try to hurt him? 'Cause he's really fast and he could accidentally hurt you without meaning to while defending himself."

"I tried calling the hotel, but they said they have no one under his name staying here."

Sookie paused. Why wouldn't Godric be here? Where else could he be? Did he have somewhere else to hide in Dallas? Was it safer than here, and if it was, why were these people here, if there was someplace

safer? She speculated, "They can't go tellin' on him to everyone that calls here. I didn't hear his name on the news, but there's gotta be some humans that know that was his house that y'all blew up."

"I had nothing to do with that. Violence is not the solution."

"So sneaking into hotels is?"

"I wouldn't sneak, but between my husband probably having this place watched and the vampire sympathizers, I can't openly walk into here."

Sookie could tell Sarah was afraid, but for the reasons she said, with the heavier fear being about her husband. This was crazy. If Steve sent her like a Trojan Horse or something, Sarah wouldn't be afraid of him. "Okay, I'll ask, but if I see a stake or a piece of silver, I'll fry your head so your brain leaks out your ears," Sookie bluffed.

Sarah had sat where she could overhear both one side of the Front Desk and the Concierge. Since it was afternoon, Sookie was not sure what she hoped to hear.

She plastered on her Crazy Sookie smile and asked, "Hi y'all. I'm Sookie Stackhouse, staying with Bill Compton, and when I tried to call Godric's room for Bill earlier, I didn't get connected. Could y'all help me?"

"Who's room?"

"Godric."

\_That's Keith Moon. \_"There is no one of that name staying here, miss."

"Oh, well I guess Bill forgot to tell me somethin' before he dropped off to sleep then. Vampires," she added with a shrug, "they think we can read their minds."

Sookie went around the corner to the house phone by the elevator. She picked it up, and asked, "May I be connected to Keith Moon's room please?"

The phone already began ringing before she thought of what she'd leave as a message. She could hang up, when it went to voice mail.

It stopped ringing after two rings. She listened, but there was nothing about leaving a message. A deep, male voice asked after close to ten seconds, "What?"

"Oh, ah â€| I might have gotten the wrong room. I was looking for Godric's room."

"Why?"

"Well, this is Sookie Stackhouse."

"What can I do to help you, Miss Stackhouse?" Godric asked.

"Wait, was that you?"

"Yes. What do you need assistance with?"

"Uh â€| Sarah Newlin's in the lobby and would like to speak to you."

"That's unexpected. Sunset is not for hours yet."

"But you're awake."

"Obviously."

"Uh â€| so what should I do?"

"Can Mrs. Newlin come to the phone?"

"I guess â€| hold on, I need to get her. I left her sittin' 'round the corner after I fished your alias out of someone's mind."

Sookie left the phone off the hook, peeked around the corner, and then waved furiously for Sarah to come over. The woman tried to appear nonchalant as she crossed the floor, holding the folded newspaper up at shoulder level to block her face from one side.

"I got him on the phone."

Sarah nodded dumbly. She remembered Gabe complaining to Steve that Godric was awake at all hours, not just at night, like vampires were supposed to be.

"You can talk to him. It's that phone there."

Picking it up, Sarah cleared her throat and asked, "Are you there?"

"Yes, Mrs. Newlin."

His voice was so calming and patient.

Godric waited, then asked, "Is there something you wanted from me?"

"I â€| I'm downstairs in the hotel. I didn't know where to go to find you."

"I am fine, Mrs. Newlin. Thank you."

He was thanking her? Yes, turn the other cheek. "Uh, could I speak with you? I mean, I'm glad you're okay after what Steve did. It â€| I â€| I'm sorry he did that. I didn't know until it was too late. He planned that on his own, or I mean with the people that he sent over to do it. That was the sort of thing he'd plan with Gabe. I've never been involved with that sort of thing."

"I believe you, Mrs. Newlin."

"So â€| uh â€|?"

"I apologize. I may have misunderstood something. Did you have some

request?"

"I wanted to speak to you."

"Aren't we speaking?"

"No, I meant in person."

"Ah."

"If you're busy, I could wait."

"I could agree I am, but you know I'm not since it's still daylight."

"In that case, can I see you?"

"I am not understanding what you wish to accomplish with that."

"I miss you. You are a good listener."

Sookie could only understand that Sarah really wanted to be with Godric. Images of him in the church basement. Nothing beyond that. No thoughts of injuries or death. No fear of Godric. Fear of every other vampire. Dislike of Nan Flanagan's hair. Fear of Steve Newlin. Hatred of her brother, Jason. Oh no, Jason â€“ what the hell was wrong with him? Jason taunted Steve Newlin last night, but who would have believed him? And in the church too.

Sarah held out the phone and said, "He wants to speak to you."

"Oh," Sookie answered and took it. She had stopped paying attention to what Sarah had been saying to Godric.

"Miss Stackhouse, are you the only one that knows Mrs. Newlin is here?"

"Yes."

"Can you please perform two favors for me?"

"I guess."

"My clothes are inaccessible in the basement of my home still. Could you go up to the Le Fanu conference room and ask for Seymour's clothes?"

"Seymour?"

"Yes, from Little Shop of Horrors. I am in room 712."

"What's the second favor?"

"Bring Mrs. Newlin with you."

"Uh, okay."

Sookie hung up, and looked at Sarah. What did she really want with Godric? Maybe she should keep talking and see if that got Sarah to think of something she could understand.

"I'm happy you're gonna take the time to speak to Godric. He's very nice. I don't know any vampires as nice as him, except Bill."

"Bill?"

"My boyfriend."

"You said at the desk you were rooming with him here at the hotel? You're not ..."

Sookie could tell what Sarah was saying before she said it, and she didn't need to read her mind. "I wouldn't go throwin' stones. Jason's a dog, but he caught you too."

"He misled me."

"You ain't the first."

"What makes you think your Bill's honest?"

"I don't know. He's such a gentleman."

"Good. I would like to believe there could still be a way to be a good Christian while still â€œ being a good Christian. The stories I hear about some of these vampires are repulsive. They prey on women, having intimate relations with them within hours or days of meeting them, drinking their blood, and giving them some of theirs so they can't think of anything but them. They even dream about them."

"You're right. I had a doozy of a dream earlier from just a couple drops of another vampire's blood."

"Luckily for you, your Bill's willing to wait, and only drink Tru Blood. He might have been a Christian â€œ before. I hear that they've legalized vampire human marriages in Vermont. They'll allow anything up there. Surprised Ben and Jerry aren't married to their cows yet."

Sookie's face colored, and she said, "I prefer a modern relationship, Mrs. Newlin."

She found the Le Fanu conference room. There were other human companions here. A couple were browsing through clothes on racks.

"Is there clothes put aside for Seymour?" she asked the fellow watching the room.

"Are there," he responded, with a bit of buzz in his head about hicks and their grammar based on the accent he perceived. "Here, and sign on this line with your room number."

There were other garment bags hung behind him. Maybe some vampires didn't like their human picking their outfits, including 'Velma' and 'Riff'. Sookie remembered the old black and white movie, Little Shop of Horrors, had a monster plant from outer space, but nothing about the people. One of their local stations ran horror movies on Saturday

nights when she was young.

Sarah asked, "Anything for Audrey?"

"No Audrey."

"Who's Audrey?"

"The woman Seymour is in love with."

"Do you know who Velma is?" Sookie asked. She was in Scooby Doo.

"If they're all from musicals, she's in Chicago. I'm guessing that because Riff's from West Side Story."

"Musicals?"

"When I went to theater camp," Sarah explained, "I loved musicals. I wish more shows came to Dallas. Steve doesn't have much time to go to places like New York. They're all vampire lovers up there."

Getting on the elevator, Sookie quipped, "I think they are in the Hotel Carmilla too."

Despite what Sookie Stackhouse said about her vampire being a gentleman, Sarah bet she was really a fangbanger, not just 'dating'. Lying to enter their church was proof of that. Just look at the low morals of her brother. She had to believe God was giving her a sign, and put her on this path. Sarah had made a mistake with Jason, knew it, and now was being shown the path to redemption. This had to be the right one. There was a need for her here. How was she going to express that to Godric though? He was not a captive audience here.

The seventh floor was quiet, like much of the hotel. There was one room service tray out in the hallway that still needed to be picked up. Housekeeping did not fix up the rooms during daylight either. 712 looked no different than the other rooms' doors in this hall, except the door slowly opened as they got close to it.

Sookie whispered, "Godric?"

"Yes," was the answer as the door opened more fully. Only one lamp was lit in the opposite corner of the room. It was a suite, like Bill's room, so this was a sitting room. Maybe they were all suites at this hotel. The sliding doors to the bedroom portion were closed.

"Come in," he invited, while standing behind the door.

Sookie moved out of the doorway to allow Sarah in. Godric reached for the bag in her hands as he closed the door. "Thank you, my clothes from last night are quite dirty," he explained.

"Right," Sookie agreed, letting him take it.

"Please sit. I'll be back shortly."

Sookie had seen him in the poor light, wearing one of the hotel robes, but then he disappeared. She acted like that was normal, and

walked around the room turning on the lights. As she reached the last one, one of the double doors to the bedroom slid open and Godric stepped out, wearing white pants and a long white shirt, not completely buttoned so that necklace tattoo was in plain sight.

With a nod to each, he greeted them, "Miss Stackhouse. Mrs. Newlin."

Sookie sat down on one of the sofas.

He walked into the middle of them and stated, "I am not opposed to talking with you, Mrs. Newlin, yet I find it strange that you wish to do so. May I please use my ability as a vampire to influence you in order to assure you are speaking the truth?"

"What's stopping you?"

"I don't mean to show you disrespect. Asking seems polite, though I can see how you may interpret it as one-sided since I have no means of guaranteeing my word as truthful."

Sarah let out a little laugh, "Disrespect?"

"Although my perceptions are different, I don't believe that makes you inferior to me. The events of the past day lead me to think that it is odd you have found me and state you desire to speak to me."

"I had nothing to do with what Steve did last night. I didn't find out till it was too late. I believe in honesty, but if you want to do something to make sure I'm telling the truth, go 'head."

"I won't make you forget," Godric promised, now focusing his gaze on Sarah's eyes. He asked, "Would you like to sit down?"

"Yes, thank you."

Sookie knew the way Bill got someone under his spell, and had seen him teach Jessica. Godric only sat next to Sarah, and then took her hand between his while giving her his full attention.

"Are you comfortable, Mrs. Newlin?"

"Yes, thank you for asking," she replied.

To Sookie, it sounded like she said that a hundred times a day.

"Please remain calm."

Sookie noticed that Sarah was nervous about Godric rejecting her when her mind stopped worrying about anything. All tenseness left her body as the vampire leaned closer to study her, before asking, "Mrs. Newlin, who suggested you visit the Hotel Carmilla today?"

"I did."

"To someone else or yourself?"

"To myself."

"Other than Miss Stackhouse, did anyone else know you came here?"

"No."

"Why did you come here?"

"To find you."

"What do you want with me?"

"To talk with you."

"Talk about what?"

"You."

"Me," he said quietly, more to himself, before he rephrased his question. "Why would you want to talk about me?"

"I need to be with you."

"Why would you want to be in my company?"

"I love you."

Godric pulled back and paced around the chair, before asking, "You love your husband, Steve Newlin?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He's betrayed our beliefs. He lies and arranges for people to get murdered."

"Is staking or otherwise killing a vampire murder?"

"Yes."

"Have you always believed that killing a vampire is murder?"

"No."

"What changed your mind?"

"You."

Godric paused before asking, "Why do you think you love me?"

"You are patient and understanding, and try to live a good life, even if it's unnatural. You avoid injuring both humans and vampires. You try to lead vampires by example to make them better. You would make a wonderful Christian, if you weren't already damned."

"I am not harmless," he assured her. "Would you like me to meet the dawn tomorrow morning?"

"No."

"Would you like to drink my blood?"

"No."

"Would you like me to drink your blood?"

"No."

"Would you like to have sex with me?"

"Maybe."

"Let me rephrase that then. Do you plan on remaining married to Steve Newlin?"

"No."

"After your marriage is legally dissolved, do you want to have sex with me, or before that?"

"I don't know."

"All right," Godric said, turning and walking across the room. He glanced at Sookie as he walked by her. He sat down in another chair and murmured, "Mrs. Newlin, crawl across the floor and kiss my feet."

When Sarah immediately fell to her knees to crawl, Sookie exclaimed, "What are you doing?"

"Quiet," warned Godric.

Sookie got up and tried to pull Sarah up. Sarah fought hard to reach Godric, and freed herself by elbowing Sookie in the stomach.

"Why are you starting an altercation, Miss Stackhouse?"

"Because you're foul," Sookie gasped, still clutching her stomach.

"Yes," Godric agreed, before leaning forward and saying, "Mrs. Newlin, please stop kissing me."

Sarah knelt before Godric, looking at him expectantly.

Sookie grew impatient because Godric was looking into space above Sarah's head for over a minute. When she noticed five minutes had passed on the digital display on the satellite box, she verbally prodded, "Well?"

He turned his head to look at her and said, "I apologize. I didn't realize you were pressed for time, Miss Stackhouse. You may go."

"What about her?" Sookie challenged.

"I don't require a chaperone."

"But ya glamourised her so she'll do anythin' for ya."

"I am vampire."

"I don't care. I'm not goin' to leave her here for you to do whatever you like."

Godric stood and moved around Sarah, so as not to disturb her. Sarah's head turned to watch him approach Sookie. "Please go. I need to consider this situation without you interrupting my thoughts."

"You're not goin' to take advantage of her, are you?"

Godric's forehead furrowed and he replied, "Mrs. Newlin wants something of me. I believe that is the reason why she came here to find me."

Sookie stood and returned, "But that's no reason to do whatever you want to her."

"Is what I want wrong?"

"Yeah."

"Elucidate, Miss Stackhouse."

"What?"

"Explain why I am wrong. Is it simply because I am vampire and must always be wrong?"

"No."

Godric raised one of his hands palm up signaling for her to continue.

"You glamoured her before she got a chance to talk."

"I wanted to know if Mrs. Newlin was here to waste my time. We will talk once you have left. I believe she wants to have a private conversation with me."

"Yeah, but â€| what if you don't like what she says?"

"I am frequently told things I don't value hearing. I am asking you again to please leave my room, Miss Stackhouse."

Sookie didn't like it, but Godric wasn't like other vampires. He even said 'please'.

"I'm gonna check with her later, and you know I'm a telepath," she threatened.

An eyebrow raised as he inquired, "Is that part of what Eric hired you to do, telepath?"

Although she could not read his mind, Sookie knew that he was suggesting that she only was here to work for Eric. True, but it wasn't as if she couldn't do things on her own. It'd be a cold day in Hell before she did whatever Eric told her, especially after that

stunt with sucking out those silver bullets.

## 2. Chapter 2

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters from the books or True Blood. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

\*\*Agnus Dei\*\*

\*\*Chapter 2\*\*

Sookie waited till sunset when the window blinds raised, and Bill sat up.

She complained, "Godric glamoured Sarah Newlin."

"To forget things?" Bill asked, while wondering how Sookie was anywhere to find that out. He had told her not to leave the room because he did not want a repeat of her foray to sample the free continental breakfast downstairs. The hotel now had more guests.

"No, he had her crawling on the floor and told her to kiss his feet."

"When did that happen?"

"Today, while you were sleeping."

"Where was Godric doing that? On television?"

"No, in his hotel room."

"What were you doing in his hotel room? Didn't you learn anything from Eric's trick last night?"

"I was takin' him some clothes."

"Godric called you and asked you to bring him clothes?" Bill asked in an angry tone.

"No, I called him."

"Why are you calling Godric?" he demanded.

"I'm gettin' to that. I was downstairs eating lunch, and read someone's thoughts and it was Sarah Newlin. She was lookin' for Godric so I found out what name his room's under and called him. It was still daylight, and his clothes from last night were a mess, so he asked me if I could do him a favor and pick up his clothes when I came up with Sarah. They got a conference room here at the hotel set up with spare clothes and things for whoever. I guess some of the vampires they know what they wear, so their stuff's put aside, so I didn't even have to pick clothes out for him. They were already bagged up. I mean he did ask me to do him the favor, and I said yes. It's no big deal."

"You should have notified security, rather than getting involved."

You're now an accessory."

"An accessory to what?"

"A crime, Sookie. Don't you think? Godric is not going to quietly kill her and dump the body discretely. He's going to send a message to her husband."

"No!" Sookie denied. "Godric wouldn't do something like that. He glamourised Sarah and asked her a bunch of questions. She's crazy. No wonder why she's whatever with my brother. She wants to leave her husband."

"I'm not seeing the crazy about that, except that Steve Newlin might want her dead if it's not his decision she leaves. Running to a vampire for help is the crazy part."

"She thinks she loves Godric."

Bill looked disgusted.

"Not like that. She's confused. Godric even came right out and asked her if she wanted blood or sex. Since the Revelation, that's all a lot of them are seen as."

"Lot of them?" Bill repeated.

"Well, you're a vampire too. And until I had sex with ya, I didn't know what all the big fuss was about, but I'm only interested in you, Bill. Not eyein' every vampire I see."

"So after Sarah Newlin said she was in love with Godric, he glamourised her to do degrading things?"

"He told her up front he was gonna glamour her to check if she was tellin' the truth. Then he just sat and thank, but when I started talkin' after waitin' so long, he told me to leave. So that's why I was waitin' for you."

"Other than the possibility that you may have been seen with Mrs. Newlin on a security camera leading her to her death, I don't see how this is any business of ours. We should go back home now. Pack," Bill ordered.

"I am not packing till I know everything's okay."

Bill glared at the phone when it started ringing. He picked it up, and said little, except words of agreement.

After he hung it up, he said, "It appears we did not leave fast enough. Later tonight, actually, early tomorrow morning, we're needed to attend a meeting regarding what's been taking place here."

"Why?"

Making a sour face, Bill said, "You are known to have aided in finding Godric at the Fellowship."

"So?"

"The more vampires that meet you, the more danger you are in."

"From what?"

"Did you forget Eric's trick last night?"

Sookie's cheeks heated as she replied, "Of course not, but not everyone's a big A-hole like Eric."

"You didn't approve of Godric moments ago either."

"You're the one who said he was going to murder someone."

"You forget he is still vampire. Do not go into their rooms at all, day or night. You are to stay away from them, unless you are with me."

"Are you going to do something about Sarah or not?"

"How long ago did you last see her alive?"

"'Bout two o'clock."

"She's already dead."

"I can't believe it," Sookie replied. "I did not just walk a woman to her death."

Sookie went to the door, with the intention of going back to Godric's room, but Bill got in the way.

"Move, Bill."

"Sookie, I forbid you-

"Oh no you don't! I am not Jessica for you to order around. Wait â€‘ I haven't seen Jessica at all."

"I sent Jessica home."

"What? But I thought you had to bring her here because she could get into trouble on her own."

"It is too dangerous for her here."

"Around other vampires? I think Eric or any of them could stop or overpower her. But instead you sent her to Bon Temps where there are no vampires? Wait a minute, did you send Jessica home because she was getting in the way of you having two marvelous nights in this room with that woman?"

"No," Bill denied.

"Yeah," Sookie said, now convinced. "You didn't want her getting in the way of your passionate reunion with Lorena. I may not know how it gets between old lovers, but I can sure as hell can imagine it."

"I did not send Jessica home because of Lorena. The Fellowship is more aggressive than I imagined, and she was in danger. They could

just as easily have used silver to catch her and expose her to the sun."

Sookie wanted to believe Bill, but then something clicked. "Wait, how did you know the Fellowship had Godric and were going to expose him to the sun before last night? If you didn't know that till I was rescued, we were with each other most of the night, and we didn't come back here because I borrowed that white dress from â€œ| you're lying to me."

"I would never lie to you, Sookie. It's Eric's blood that has you doubting me."

"How's that?" Sookie wanted to know. "Yeah, I had a hot and heavy dream, but he wasn't talkin' 'bout what a liar you were. If you were held captive in this room for two nights, as you said, then you couldn't have gotten a message to Jessica or Eric about the trouble you were in, while I was down in that basement. Did you tell Jessica to go home as soon as you saw Lorena or not?"

"I told her to go home last night, after I freed myself. I did strike Lorena with a flat screen television, but the hotel cleaned that up, but Lorena confirmed it for you herself."

"Oh, so you're saying Lorena is capable of telling the truth. So after you bashed her on the head, your first thought was to tell Jessica to go home."

"My first thought was of you, Sookie, but I was afraid for Jessica in the next room. Lorena would recover from that injury in minutes, and be unable to find me."

"Unable to find you? How did Godric know it was Eric, instead of you, breaking into the church? I thought it was because he is Eric's maker. He didn't raise his voice as he called to him to tell Eric he was downstairs, just closed his eyes, like he was concentratin'."

"You don't understand how it is between a vampire and his maker."

"I guess not, because the more I see it with others, I think there's things you're not tellin' me. The Fellowship, silver and getting exposed to the sun were just you making something up to keep\_ her \_name out of the conversation."

"Sookie, most of us are not like Godric and Eric."

"You know, when Eric fell to his knees when he first got to Godric, you could 'ave knocked me over with a feather. You don't kneel to her or obey whatever she says, like Eric does?"

"No, she released me."

"Why? She seems to think the world of you."

"Her age and experiences have made her insane, Sookie. I cannot live with that. She believes she loves me, but she has no idea what love even means."

"So why does Eric still listen to Godric? He's a big boy, and old

enough to make his own mistakes."

"Would you let someone like Eric free on the world? There is no one alive that knows him better than Godric. If Godric did not release him, there is a reason for it."

"Maybe, but I still think something stinks about this whole thing, Bill Compton. If Lorena is insanely in love with you, I cannot believe she'd let you go."

Bill silently cursed Eric in his mind. His blood had weakened Bill's hold on Sookie. She was not full of doubt yesterday when she challenged Lorena. He needed an excuse to get her to drink more of his blood. He could hire someone else to attack Sookie so he could save her again, proving his love. Perhaps tomorrow, here in Dallas. She had left the room at least twice, when he told her not to. There was definitely a lesson that needed teaching.

Since Bill wouldn't let her leave the room, Sookie picked up the phone, looked at the instructions to dial another room, and then entered room 712. There was no answer and it went to voice mail. Sookie paused, she didn't want to come out and say that she wanted to be sure Sarah was still alive since Bill said Godric was going to murder her, so said, "Hi Godric, it's Sookie Stackhouse. Bill told me there was gonna be a meetin' later, and I didn't know what I should do to prepare for it."

Bill glared darkly at her, and when she hung up the phone, informed her, "I will be with you, Sookie. You don't need to do anything other than only speak when spoken to. This is mainly among vampires. We are not getting involved with Dallas politics. All we want to do is go home."

"And get my money," Sookie reminded him. "Eric owes me."

Nodding, Bill suggested, "Why don't you order room service? We can then enjoy each other's company for a bit, and maybe you should take a nap so you're at your best later."

Since Sookie last saw Sarah, Sarah had what felt like a draining conversation with Godric, after he released her from his influence. He did let her know that she only remembered what he did because he felt it was right, and later, she may act on an impulse she would not remember because he left a complex suggestion with her to see if she was tampered with by another vampire. She didn't understand what he was saying about that, but Sarah started off embarrassed by how truthful she was, and that she had answered 'maybe' to sex.

Godric said that was not important. He was interested in knowing whether Sarah was there because he was vampire, and was looking for what other humans wanted -- blood and/or sex. He confessed that he found it odd since the Revelation that so many humans took an interest in him, after meeting other vampires and finding out he was older and more powerful, despite his appearance. Unlike others, he had not relied on his looks to feed, and had not become an accomplished flirt.

"How did you eat?" Sarah asked.

"Quickly. Glamour, feed, heal the minor wound if it could be seen,

and glamour them to forget, if I needed to."

"How often?"

"If I needed to pass for human, I needed to feed every evening. My appearance has not been of importance since the Revelation. I have fed sparingly since that, and usually to please someone else, who I was with out in public. Normally, I stay home and out of sight. I did not develop a reckless impulse to be among crowds to view spectacles. I would be drawn to battles when I was living out in the open, because there would be dying there. I could ease the ones who had terrible wounds that would lead to drawn-out suffering, yet I wasn't entirely altruistic, since I could also feed in abundance.

"Enough about that though. What do you want from me?"

Sarah almost wished Godric would glamour her again. However, she valued honesty and did not need some trick to make her tell the truth. "For a while, Steve's not been following the teachings of Jesus and the Bible. He's been reinterpreting them, or even ignoring them. Violence is not an answer to anything. Turning the other cheek's been part of Christianity from the beginning. At first, I was angry about vampires killing my sister, Amber, and that's why I met Steve, after going to listen to his father preach, but I feel like I changed so much to become what Steve wanted me to be. I was willing to be his partner, his helpmate to use an older term, but he was more partners with Gabe, and I was the pretty head next to him on the television."

Godric recalled that Sarah had spoke of her sister to him before. Their family lived in Dallas. Sarah had no idea of the names or descriptions of the vampires her sister was associated with, or traded sex to get vampire blood. Stan kept on top of that in his area, since he also believed, like him, that the blood was sacred, so his initial thought of who to ask was now dead.

"If you can share a photograph of your sister, I can look into that further," Godric said. "Why else are you here?"

"You â€| you â€| the way you handled that explosive situation at the Church last night â€| I think you're doing the right thing."

"Thank you."

"I want to assist you."

"Assist me? Last night is done. Both the incident in the church and your husband's retaliation. I am allowing the Dallas police, and whoever they feel is best handle the legal aspects of what happened at my home. You can talk to them with whatever information you have to assist. I believe they prefer that, rather than me passing along your information."

"I can do that, but that's not what I meant, Godric."

"I don't understand what you are offering, Mrs. Newlin."

"Call me Sarah. I got to â€| I don't know what I need to do about Steve and getting a divorce or whatever, but that doesn't involve you. What I'm trying to say is, I saw what you did last night and it

was amazing. Vampires listened to you. And any human with a lick of sense could tell you were advising the right thing to do. At that point, they had to listen. Steve was telling them to keep fighting and become martyrs which wasn't right. He wants to see a parallel between the Christians and the lions, but unlike lions, vampires can think and make decisions."

"Those stories have gotten muddied," Godric said. "Christianity was illegal. When things went wrong, such as when part of Rome burnt, it was easy to blame the Christians since they were usually the poor or slaves, at the beginning, when St. Paul was spreading word of it. The punishment was not really throw them to the lions, but ad bestias, which mean 'to the beasts'. They could be killed by dogs, bears, panthers or boars, rather than lions. The more popular spectacles involved exotic animals like elephants, crocodiles, rhinos and hippos, but I don't think they were wasted on Christian slaves. The venator immunis, part of the Roman army was in charge of getting the animals, and bringing them to Rome."

Sarah said in amazement, "You were like there, weren't you?"

"I was in Rome at times, but only briefly. I did not go to the Colosseum. I had moved northwards in the Empire by the time of Christ."

"Even if you are shy, I bet there's a lot you saw and heard first-hand."

"I do speak Latin well," Godric admitted, before returning to their original subject. "You are overestimating me with regard to what you think I can do. The vampires last night all know me, and owe me their fealty. That is limited. I suspect some hurt humans as soon as they are not within sight of me. It is similar to the way people drive when there is a police car following them."

"I bet you could do a whole lot better than Nan Flanagan."

"I do not crave her position. It's political, both among humans and vampires. I am not ambitious in that way."

"We'll come up with something. Saints are not politicians."

"I am not a saint either."

"I didn't mean that. You can change things, and make things better, without being a politician or a saint."

Godric shook his head negatively, then said, "You don't know me. I do not like being photographed, so I will not want to do what Nan does on television, having public arguments."

"Start simple. Like how you corrected me about the lions."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to correct you. The story is more sensational with a martyr being devoured by lions, than ripped apart by dogs."

"That's where you're different. You can admit mistakes and apologize. It takes someone brave to do that."

"If Nan is instructed to apologize, she would," Godric admitted.

"By who?"

Once again, Godric shook his head. "I can't say. Vampires have their own sort of government. It doesn't appeal to all of us, yet I feel there is some fairness to not letting the oldest of us become the most influential at times. Things have been worse."

"Wasn't there unrest around the Revelation? I've read about some vampires wanting to tell more than was, but they were killed by other vampires."

"I had no involvement or direct knowledge of that. I did not mind the Revelation. For me, it simplified my life. However, some old feuds were reignited, besides new ones starting. Not all of the strife was over synthetic blood and acknowledging our existence."

"You mentioned you are not compelled to look human. Does that mean synthetic blood does not do it?"

"I do not like the taste of synthetic blood, Sarah."

She suddenly felt nervous. His blue eyes were looking directly into hers, and earlier, Godric admitted he glamoured those he fed from.

He continued, "So I now wait till I am actually hungry, rather than feeding for cosmetic appearances."

"Are you hungry?"

"No, I am not. Are you?"

"Uh â€œ| I don't think so. Thank you for asking."

"Do you need assistance?"

"Assistance?" Sarah asked, not sure what Godric meant.

"Other than coming to see me, and tell me of your plans, are you acting on them, or at least getting legal advice?"

"Not yet. I need to tell Steve."

"He seems violent to me. Perhaps when you tell him, not be alone with him?"

"But I'm human."

"He held a gun to the head of Miss Stackhouse yesterday, and used explosives in an area that had both humans and vampires. Also, if he finds out you gave alternate information to the police, your husband may consider you a significant risk."

"I haven't talked to the police yet."

"True. You should use a different legal representative than Rev. Newlin for that also. It may be a conflict of interest, if your information is not similar."

"I guess I'll need to find a lawyer. I needed to do that anyway."

Godric nodded.

Sarah then asked, "Is the one you use expensive?"

"Mine? I don't know if he's expensive or not. I think he could recommend another, if this is not something he does. Vampires don't marry so a dissolution of marriage may not be something he handles."

"Vermont's allowing it now."

"I have heard that," Godric replied, writing down a phone number from memory for Sarah. Isabel had been interested in marrying Hugo, and adopting a child. Godric knew she missed her real children. She had asked him about a child in his nest, and he thought it best that she not live with Stan and him, if she made that change. Too many vampires visited to risk having an innocent around as a temptation. "I don't have an informed opinion about vampire marriages. Vampires have formed long-term connections with other vampires, so we are capable of a commitment spanning decades. With all the recent changes in our lives, both vampire and human, I can see possibilities, yet knowing vampire tendencies, I cannot say I am a supporter."

"You're not?"

"No," Godric replied, shaking his head slowly. "I think those newly made vampires would find the arrangement most amenable."

"After listening to Nan Flanagan so much, I thought all vampires wanted to get married. That gives you the rights as their partner to make decisions, when there's an emergency. You can jointly share property, and make financial decisions."

Godric did not think he should reveal there were already legal ways to do much of that, without becoming married. "The VRA is more than that, however, I have lived so long without it, that I don't find most of the perks applicable to me. The equal treatment in all matters is beneficial though. I hope it leads to betterment for us all."

Sarah knew she was being foolish. From what she saw of Godric, he did not think of himself first, but others. She was married to Steve, and Godric had not expressed any of that sort of interest in her. In fact, he said he felt odd about people taking an interest in him due to his age and power.

### 3. Chapter 3

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters from the books or True Blood. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

Author's Note: Conversation with Nan has dialogue directly from episode

\*\*Agnus Dei\*\*

\*\*Chapter 3\*\*

After Isabel admitted them, Sookie came to a complete halt as she entered the suite where they were having the meeting with Nan Flanagan. Sarah Newlin was alive and sitting next to Godric. She was no longer in her yellow track suit, but a figure hugging, long sweater dress in royal blue. Sarah even had matching jewelry and nice shoes.

Bill hissed, "Sookie." He propelled her into motion by her elbow.

Why didn't Bill mention it was a joke when she thought he was serious? It wasn't funny, even if Sookie knew Bill was joking around. Besides, it was Godric. Unless someone was a large, ugly and smelly rapist, Sookie doubted anyone was in danger from him.

Sookie's glare at Bill was ignored, so she looked to Sarah. She was looking down at her hands, folded in her lap. The old 'I'm a good girl' pose. Godric was seated in a similar fashion, beside her.

From what she could tell, Sarah was not glamourized, but thinking heavily about Godric. She was scared since so much was happening quickly. Sookie got a jumble and sorted out Sarah already having a lawyer, who assisted her with making a statement to the police about the bombing, and he was also working on paperwork to have Sarah's marriage annulled. Sarah preferred annulment to a divorce, but was afraid of Steve since she'd be saying that she was married under false pretenses. Even if Steve went to prison for the bombing, there were still Fellowship members who'd do anything for him. If she could stay with Godric, and keep other suicide bombers at a distance, she'd be safe. Sookie was not sure what to make of Sarah's intentions towards Godric. Sarah felt Godric had a potential to do something, but Sookie didn't sense anything about vampire and human relations.

Nan entered the suite, and went right to the seat reserved for her, and began speaking, "Do you have any fucking idea of the PR mess you've made? And who fucking has to clean that shit up? Me. Not you, me. I should drain every one of you bastards."

Surveying her audience, to make sure they realized the severity of what occurred, she noted two humans amongst them. If they had to bring their pets, they better have them on a short leash and glamourized them to be seen and not heard.

One of them seemed familiar. Nan sniffed the air to try to pick her scent out, when Godric quietly said, "I don't believe you've met in person before, Ms. Flanagan. Mrs. Sarah Newlin is under my protection."

Nan's mouth opened, but the two things she meant to repeat collided, the woman's name and the word 'protection'. "N... pro â€œ!" Her voice raised to cover her slip-up, and also to express how she felt about this, "Are you fucking insane, sheriff? Her husband tries to blow you up, expose you to the sun, and I've heard vampires were bound with silver, and she's sitting next to you? She's not a stray you found on the street. You cannot keep her, no matter what you think you're

owed."

"I am owed nothing. Mrs. Newlin came to me earlier today because she feared for her life."

"I can let the comment about my hair slide," Nan sarcastically replied. "Release her."

"She is not glamoured."

"Look at me," Nan demanded.

Sarah looked to Godric first, then at Nan.

Unexpectedly, Sarah suddenly said, "Þú ert myndarlegur, en grimm, strásherra."

Eric laughed because the woman just said in Icelandic, you are a handsome, yet fierce, warlord, then said, "I'm wounded, master."

"You seemed the likliest one to attempt to glamour her, Eric."

"What was that?" Nan demanded.

"I have glamoured Mrs. Newlin to respond to any vampire glamouring her with that phrase, rather than accepting their suggestions. However, she is still able to act according to her will."

Ancient vampires were such a cocky group, Nan thought. Godric normally did nothing about anything, that's why the Authority sent her here personally to determine if he was growing a backbone, especially with the Fellowship trying to have him meet the true death.

"Is this something public?" she asked. Flaunting Rev. Newlin's wife on a vampire's arm was not part of the agenda.

"What is meant by that?" Godric asked.

"You two."

Seeing Godric looking blank, Nan clarified, "You, Godric, with her, Sarah Newlin."

Godric looked at Eric, and Eric said, "There's no them. They talked. That's it. Mrs. Newlin is here because Godric is in the middle of helping her. When that is complete, that will be that."

Sookie felt Sarah's tangible disappointment over that, but the gears were already turning in her head on how to stay close to Godric.

"What happened at the church?" Nan asked. Godric was hard to categorize. Vampires liked women, kept women, stole women, used women, and humiliated women. The same could be said of men too. She didn't recall Godric doing anything of the kind before, but no one tried to blow him up before. His nestmate and two of his underlings met the true death.

"Stan went after the church on his own. None of us knew anything about it," Eric replied.

"Oh really? Because everyone who met Stan in the last three hundred years knew he had a kink about slaughtering humans. But you, his nest mates, his sheriff, had no clue."

"And how were we supposed to know that this time he meant it?" Isabel responded.

"Not my problem," Nan rebutted, then to Godric accused, "Yours."

Eric snapped, "Don't talk to him that way."

"Don't talk to me that way. Let's get to the point. How did they manage to abduct you?"

"They would have taken one of us sooner or later. I offered myself."

"Why?"

"Why not?"

"They wanted you to meet the sun, and you were willing?"

"What do you think?"

"I think you're out of your mind, and if I'm not mistaken, assisted suicide is still illegal, Mrs. Newlin."

"The sun shines everywhere," Sarah said.

"What next? It's freedom of speech to yell 'jump' to someone standing on a high ledge?"

"I wouldn't do that, and Godric's fine now," she replied, putting her hand on Godric's, which was resting on his thigh.

A lot of eyes, including Godric's, looked at that.

Nan knew Godric was not completely gullible, so what was this human woman trying for? The wealth of that church, if her husband got sent to prison? She could not take it over. Americans had a thing about women clergy.

"And a traitor?" Nan continued.

"Irrelevant. Only a rumor. I'll take full responsibility," Godric replied.

"You bet you will."

"You cold bitch," Eric warned.

"Listen, this is a national vampire disaster and nobody at the top has any sympathy for any of you. Sheriff, you fucked up. You're fired."

"I agree. Of course. Isabel should take over. She had no part in my disgrace."

"Godric, fight back," Isabel urged.

Waving his hand wildly, Eric said, "What are you saying? She's a bureaucrat. You don't have to take shit from her."

"You want to lose your area, Viking?" was Nan's responding threat.

Unintimidated, Eric replied, "You don't have that kind of power."

"Hey, I'm on T.V. Try me."

Frustrated that Godric was doing nothing, Isabel stated, "I'm to blame. I should have contained Stan the second Godric went missing."

"Isabel," Godric contradicted, "I remove myself from all positions of authority."

"Works for me," Nan said.

"Why?" Sarah asked.

"Godric rescued me from a really large rapist who probably would've killed me too," Sookie added.

"That's nice," Nan replied, ready to ignore them both.

"No, listen -"

"Moving on," Nan insisted.

".-and then he rescued humans in that church plus a whole lot of vampires. You think it's a PR mess now, it could have been a hundred, a million times worse. You should thank him."

"For getting kidnapped? For attracting a suicide bomber? For piss-poor judgment?" Nan said that last bit while indicating Sarah with a wave of her hand. "I think not."

"I saw it," Sarah said. "Godric is amazing."

"Save it for the bedroom," Nan advised.

Sarah let out a screech.

The noise of it stopped Eric in mid-lunge long enough for Isabel to get in the way, saying,

"Don't."

Godric quietly said, "Eric, it doesn't matter."

"Tell me about the bombing, please. Every single detail."

"A boy entered the lair. I thought he was someone's human companion

till he spoke loudly asking for our attention. He did not say much."

Godric's voice changed to match Luke McDonald's, "Excuse me, everyone ... If I could have your attention... My name is Luke McDonald. I'm a member of the Fellowship of the Sun, and I have a message for you all from Reverend Steve Newlin."

"Well?" Nan asked, when Godric stopped.

"The message was the bomb."

"What a fucking fiasco. You're lucky I don't send you all to the Magister. Godric, come to my suite to fill out the forms."

"Soon," he replied as he stood, looking nervous. "First, I have something to say. I'm sorry. I apologize for all the harm I've caused, for all our lost ones, human and vampire. I will make amends, I swear it."

Passing him, Nan touched him on the shoulder, "Take it easy. It's just a few signatures."

Sarah was stunned. First, a vampire apologizing, and it wasn't Godric's fault.

Eric was controlling himself, but he had to say something. "No," he told his maker.

"Look in my heart," Godric said.

"You have to listen to me," Eric replied.

Godric said, "There's nothing to say."

"There is."

"Godric ..." a vampire called, entering the suite. Eric snarled in his direction.

"Farrell?" Godric replied, indicating he should speak.

"I think the human you are looking for left Dallas almost two years ago."

"She is not dead?"

"No, or at least someone using her name traveled to Los Angeles."

"On Anubis?" Godric asked, knowing how lax the vampire airline was in positively identifying who they moved.

"No, American."

"My sister?" Sarah asked.

"Possibly," Godric replied. "Was she with a vampire?"

"On American?" Farrell asked in disgust, then said, "No, the ticket

was purchased as a single one-way, and there's someone working on how it was paid, in case the credit card was not in her name."

"Did your sister know vampires from other parts of the country?" Godric asked.

"I don't know," Sarah replied.

"Can you make a computer file of her photo for me so I can send it to Lamar, if he's willing to pass it along to his sheriffs."

"I have it on my cell phone."

Farrell asked, "May I ask a direct question of Mrs. Newlin?"

Godric looked at Sarah, and she nodded.

"I found this information quickly. Did the police already eliminate this lead during their investigation?" he asked, having already spoken to a Dallas vampire detective when he was so easily successful, especially since he did not want to duplicate whatever had been done in the past. This human woman was never reported missing.

"I guess they did. I don't remember being told about it. Maybe they didn't want to get our hopes up."

"Our?" Godric repeated.

"My parents. They're not with us anymore. They died shortly after I got married. I was still on my honeymoon."

"Could you please check to see if there is any travel from Los Angeles after that, Farrell? I can ask Lamar, but I don't want to ask for a favor if there is no reason for it."

Sarah was clearly thinking that this was something she should have known. She blamed Dallas vampires for Amber's disappearance and everyone thought she was dead. Could Godric and Farrell be lying?

Sookie frowned. She didn't think Godric would stage something so hurtful. To build up someone's hope like this, just to let her down later? She believed Sarah had nothing to do with the bombing, and if she was about to dump her husband, hurting Sarah would probably make Steve happy.

Eric was waiting to continue his conversation with Godric. What had come over him? The woman and her allegedly missing or dead sister were not important. Godric gave up his position, took the blame for something he did not cause, and seemed to give up.

Bill shouldered into Eric, and said, "We have a score to settle."

"Not now."

"Yes, now," Bill insisted, punching Eric in the mouth. "Have I made my point?"

Eric's eyes narrowed as he stated the truth, "It's done. I'm part of her now."

"What are you doing?" Godric asked, especially since Mrs. Newlin was now cowering behind him. He mentally reviewed the background noise of their conversation, and he did not find Eric at fault. His child enjoyed taunting, yet he had not heard it.

Bill could not believe the immature head tilt and eyebrow raise from Eric, indicating that the question was directed at him.

"Sookie's mine."

"How is that an excuse to strike another?" Godric inquired.

"Eric had it coming."

Sookie was embarrassed. First, she didn't want everyone to know how easily Eric tricked her, and then Bill went and punched Eric, which healed up almost as fast as he was hit, while everyone looked at Bill like he was crazy. She could clearly see what Sarah thought, Bill was a vampire, and erupted into violence for no reason. Sarah was also hopeful that Godric might have found her sister alive, but that was now dampened by fear that it could mean more vampires, like Bill.

"You tally up everyone who has slighted you, and wait to strike them when they are engaged in something else?" Godric then quoted Martin Luther, translating him into English, "Nothing good ever comes of violence."

Bill sneered at Godric. It was little wonder how the Fellowship got a hold of him in the first place.

Eric wanted to do Bill enough harm that it would take him till dawn to heal from it.

"Come on, Sookie," Bill said, steering her by her arm when she hesitated.

Sookie wanted to know more about what was going on with Sarah Newlin. What was this about a missing older sister, and was Godric helping her simply because it was the right thing to do? Also, what about Godric getting fired by Nan Flanagan?

"Bill," Sookie insisted, trying to free her arm from his hand on the elevator, "let go."

"You are to have nothing further to do with them, Sookie."

"Why? Because I believed your little joke that Godric killed Sarah Newlin?"

Bill blew out of a puff of air, before saying, "You are as gullible as her. Godric isn't helping her. He's stringing her along till he gets whatever he's after."

"And what's he after?"

"Humiliating her husband."

"I don't think that's what Godric's after. He may not be after anything at all."

"Sookie, he's vampire. You know what Eric's like. Where do you think he learned that sort of behavior?"

"Bullshit," she said. Godric and Eric were two separate individuals. If Sookie was to believe a vampire was the spitting image of his maker, then Bill was a male Lorena.

\*\*\*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\*\*\*

"This isn't some game to you, is it?" Sarah asked Godric, when they were alone, after returning to his hotel room. She had stayed with the crowd, and they slowly left to go their own way, one by one, with the large, blond vampire, who called Nan a cold bitch, the last to leave, when Godric waved him off with a promise of 'later'.

Godric's eyes shifted as he tried to read into her question, then he said, "I am not sure what you mean. What am I doing that is questionable?"

"About my sister."

"Oh." Godric paused to reflect, then said, "I can only start at the beginning. If it repeats what has been previously found, and rekindles bad memories, apologies. You did not give much information to start with. Is there something that should be eliminated from the search? As I hinted at earlier, I would rather not ask other vampires for favors, if there is nothing to find."

"I never heard she might have gone to Los Angeles."

"That is why I asked Farrell to see if she then left, or perhaps there is some evidence that leads the police to think that unimportant. I can talk to a vampire with the Dallas police," Godric said, knowing what Farrell hissed to him in Gaelic telling him there was never any report of a missing person. "Perhaps with the airport cameras it was decided it was not your sister."

"Can I see?"

"I don't know what there is to see yet. Would you prefer you do not overhear what progress is made till there is something definite?"

"No, I want to know everything."

"It may turn out your sister is dead, and we cannot find her either."

Sarah swallowed hard, trying not to cry.

"And then your heart will be broken again," Godric observed. He then said, "You need sleep. Did you want a room on this floor?"

"Uh â€| I â€|"

"The Hotel Carmilla gives me a very good rate so it is no

bother."

"I'm scared," Sarah admitted.

"The room would be in neither of our names."

"No, it's â€“ I saw the way some of them looked at me."

"Who?"

"Other vampires."

"I noticed only surprise, not malice. Since you were in my company, they should leave you be."

"But I won't be."

"I don't understand."

"I'll be alone. And there's also Steve. The lawyer said he could get served papers as soon as tomorrow, or today. And there's what I told the police, that's going to get him in trouble, but he can still have his people do things while he's tied up."

"You have already done what you have done. Mrs. Newlin, you knew these things prior to acting. The possible consequences were known, and it is not wrong to fear them. However, you should not let your fear grow to immobilize you when you have no true indication of what is to come."

"I could be dead by tomorrow."

"All of us could be," Godric commented. Loosely translating Marcus Aurelius, in order to redirect Sarah's worries, he asked, "Is this really a fear of death, or a fear of beginning to live?"

"With you?" Sarah asked, edging closer.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know what to do."

"My perception is different than yours. Time for you passes much more quickly than it does for me. I would not be the right person to make suggestions for more than the next day. I advise rest, and when you are done resting, perhaps there will be something that has changed."

"Can I stay with you for the day?"

Godric considered meeting the sun this dawn. He could help this woman find out her sister's fate, and ask Farrell or Joseph to continue once he was gone. Godric was not technologically savvy enough to understand even how to ask questions regarding the search. The sun would rise tomorrow, and the next day. He also meant to speak with Eric more.

"You can have your own room," Godric said, repeating his earlier offer.

Sarah's plea of "Please," coincided with her sudden move to embrace him.

"I do not mean to cause you distress, yet my confusion regarding what you need from me still exists," he said, not sure how he should object. Warm human flesh was pleasant against his, however, what did Mrs. Newlin want from him? Her sister was a reasonable request. She knew he had resources to question vampires. He did not consider her in danger from other vampires, and believed her husband did not know she was at the Hotel Carmilla. Some people did irrational things when frightened, but clinging to him should not comfort any human. His flesh was hard and cold.

"Please, Godric. I don't understand it myself," Sarah said, more to the crook of his neck, which was being warmed by her pleasant breath.

He felt her hands moving to try to get a tighter hold on him. She did not possess the strength if he chose to break her grip. Sarah then shuddered as she inhaled, beginning to cry.

"Am I upsetting you?" he asked.

Sarah pulled back to look at him, her face blotchy, and said, "It would sound silly if I said it's not you, it's me, wouldn't it?"

"It would be a minor relief to know I'm not the cause, yet I would not want you to suffer," Godric said.

He touched her face, catching a tear on his finger, and was in the midst of examining it when he looked startled, then murmured, "Apologies. I shouldn't have done that."

"What?"

He brushed his finger onto her face, in an effort to put the tear back where he got it from.

"Liquid from â€¢ your body. I can taste it. Only blood sustains me, yet other things, like tears, are consumable." He looked uncomfortable, and explained, "I do not crave tears, and make others cry to supply me."

"You didn't make me cry. You're right, I'm tired. I'm overly emotional because of that."

"Feel free to use the bed in the next room then."

"It's okay?"

"I do not need it."

"You â€¢ don't you sleep? I thought vampires slept during the day, but Gabe told Steve that you didn't."

"It is true I was wakeful. I do rest, yet not while I was your guest. I found the surroundings of interest, with much of the activity in the building happening during the day. Also, the â€¢ disease causes us to rest in a way different from sleep. Comfort is not necessary to

enable rest."

Sarah's eyes narrowed as Godric stumbled over the AVL explanation that vampires had a disease. Godric was not a good liar, which was a comfort. The rumor was that all vampires lied naturally, like Lucifer himself.

This could all be a lie. Godric might simply be very good at it, despite all her instincts telling her that her future was with him. Was she damned?

\*\*\*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\*\*\*

Sookie insisted on checking on Godric and Sarah Newlin before she went to sleep. Reluctantly, Bill let her, but was out of the room himself as soon as she got on the elevator. Having Sookie doubt him was intolerable. Damn Eric and his blood.

Godric opened the door when Sookie arrived at his room, and he allowed her in.

"Is Sarah still here?"

Quietly, he replied, "She is sleeping. Why aren't you asleep, Miss Stackhouse?"

"I was worried."

Godric stood motionless, waiting for an explanation. He did not think he threatened Mrs. Newlin in any way to cause this concern.

"What happened to her sister?"

"Mrs. Newlin was under the impression that a Dallas vampire drained her and dumped her body. It has never been found or identified. Since I have been sheriff of this city for years, I would want to know who did that."

"But it looks like she went to Los Angeles."

"Perhaps. The information could be incorrect, or she could have traveled and met her demise elsewhere. The end result would still be the same."

"But a Dallas vampire wouldn't have killed her."

Although true, Godric felt that was not what was important. There was also the lack of police involvement. Was Sarah making this story up in part, or had she been deceived?

\*\*\*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\* \*\*

Before going to sleep, Sarah had changed back into her yellow track suit while spending some alone time in the bathroom, questioning everything she had done in the past day. One thing was sure â€“ there was no going back.

Waking to such quiet was odd. The color scheme of the hotel and the lighting was disconcerting. The bed must have been more than comfortable because it was already way past noon. She never slept

this late at home, although she never stayed up that late either.

After using the bathroom again, and utilizing the complimentary toothbrush, toothpaste and comb, she eased the door open to the living room of the suite because she didn't hear Godric doing anything.

He was lying motionless on the couch, his shirt removed and on the back of a chair.

Sarah approached, noticing there was nothing. His eyes did not move beneath the closed lids, his nose didn't twitch, nor his lips twist, and his chest did not rise and fall. She got close enough, hesitated, then placed her palm on his bare, hairless chest, her fingers touching the tattooed necklace. Pressing down more, she still felt nothing.

Shifting, she placed both hands on either side of his neck and searched for a pulse, while looking upon his lifeless face. He could be a corpse laid out for a funeral. She couldn't find any indication of life. Her fingers ghosting down his ribs didn't even cause a chuckle.

She did not get much of a chance to speak to Godric at the Fellowship. If he gave the details of his life, it was to Steve and Gabe. Maybe he wasn't a short youth, but younger. He had muscles, but if vampires looked like they were when they were first infected, then how old was he? Sarah had seen hairy vampires, who needed lessons in modern grooming. Godric's nipples were on the small side, and Sarah had been seeing shirtless men a lot recently with the Institute of Light's heavy physical training.

What was she thinking? She was searching for an excuse to sinfully look since she noticed his pants had a drawstring waist that was not securely knotted. Sarah knew she was trying to paint this in different shades, all wrong. She was married, and would remain married till her annulment was granted, and even if she wasn't married, that was something that should not be spied upon, especially if Godric was not of a mature age, and while he was unaware since he was asleep or dead or whatever.

Who was she fooling? She was a sinner. A huge sinner. Jason Stackhouse proved that â€œ in the church itself. She was going to burn for all eternity to pay for that. Her lust was her downfall. Was this why she was really here? To further deprave herself?

She undid the tie, loosened the waist, and initially peeked by lifting the fabric up while tilting her head to see. The fabric was white so it wasn't dark in there. Relieved that she was not sneaking a pervy look at a boy, Sarah pulled the front down as far as she could to look. She knew Steve's very well, and Godric was not like Steve or Jason. She had never seen this, leading a sheltered life, with only a few pictures and drawings to satisfy her basic curiosity. Was it â€œ the skin covered â€œ Sarah pulled the front of Godric's pants up, and tied them. She didn't like the looks of that. It looked too strange.

That was good. It would save her from the temptation.

#### 4. Chapter 4

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters from the books or True Blood. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

\*\*Agnus Dei\*\*

\*\*Chapter 4\*\*

When Sookie woke, she looked through the mini-fridge, bemoaned the prices on that menu and on the room service menu, even though Eric was paying for it, and decided that Bill's edict that she not leave the room was unnecessary. The breakfast buffet is what she wanted, and that's what Sookie was going to have because she knew it was served till three in the afternoon.

Compared to the other humans staying here, Sookie was an early riser.

The food was better than before, since there were more people, humans that is, staying at the hotel. Jason'd be happy as a pig in mud when he came down because they had bacon, sausage and ham, in addition to both pancakes and french toast.

Sookie went for the pancakes. Their size was what Gran called silver dollar pancakes because they were miniature.

She could not help but people watch, being alone at the moment. There was no sign of Barry about. Perhaps she'd gain some insight to human-vampire relationships.

In her mind, Bill and her were not standing on steady ground. Lorena was not the only problem. There was his jealous possessiveness and his authoritarian ways. Sookie knew Bill was not honest with her. Rather than telling her that she dreamed of him, and Longshadow, due to their blood, Bill waited till Eric tricked her. If Sookie had known that in advance, maybe he would have given sucking the silver bullets out of Eric's chest one more second of thought, or been so frightened that she'd dream of Eric, like she did Longshadow, that she would have screamed for Godric at the top of her lungs.

\_There's a blonde.\_

Huh? Sookie shifted, was someone looking at her?

\_That could be her.\_

Okay, someone was looking for a blond woman, and Sookie realized she was the only blond eating here.

Her eyes met the eyes of a rough-looking, big fellow, and Sookie knew it was him. She had a flashback to Gabe in that basement.

\_Is that the one?\_

Okay, he wasn't necessarily after me, Sookie thought, but he's still dangerous. Who could he be looking for that was a blonde-haired woman, here at the Hotel Carmilla? She wished he thought a name along

with the hair ¦ long blonde hair. Oh my God, he was here to find Sarah! Steve Newlin must have sent him. He was probably armed too.

Sookie remained calm. He wasn't like Luke McDonald. He wasn't here to commit suicide. He was thinking he needed to wait for ¦ something to be right. If only he'd think it, Sookie would know what to do to avoid it.

What would Steve Newlin want? Sarah dead, and ¦ and Godric. He missed killing Godric the other night, and now Steve was in trouble because bombing Godric's nest was considered an act of terrorism. Sookie was annoyed that Steve had time to make plans to do in Sarah or try again for Godric, rather than sitting in a Renard Parish jail cell like Jason had, but she didn't have time to rage over the injustice right now. Sookie had to do something before that guy realized she knew that he was up to no good, or she lost him when he realized she wasn't Sarah Newlin.

She could tell ¦ hm, the hotel staff wasn't armed so he could end up shooting his way out. What Sookie needed to do was lure him somewhere where no one else would get hurt, and she wouldn't get shot herself.

Upstairs, Bill felt Sookie's anxiety. Good. She was probably in the elevator with the man he glammed last night. He knew Sookie would disobey him and leave the room. The intimidating man would get off the elevator with her to come up to this floor, beat her up, and then Bill would rescue Sookie and give her his blood again. He had to be quick, because Eric may also feel her pain and fear. Unlike Eric though, Bill knew where the attack was scheduled to take place.

Sookie kept her face turned away from the man, and also held her hand up to block his view. She didn't look close enough to Sarah Newlin to fool him, if he got a good look at her. Then, Sookie might lose him.

She picked up the house phone near the elevator and said, "Keith Moon, please."

A gruff voice answered, "Yes?"

"Godric?"

"Who is calling?"

"It's me, Sookie Stackhouse. Listen, there's a guy down in the lobby, looking for Sarah, and I got him to think I'm her. I think he's at least got a gun, maybe something else."

His voice returned to Godric's normal, placid one, and he asked, "Do you wish me to call the police?"

"Yeah ¦ uh wait, he hasn't done anything yet."

"Do you know what he has planned?"

"Um ¦ no, he was down here, looking around and I fit the description."

"And he means to do harm to Sarah, or you?"

"Yeah."

"Can you take the elevator up to my floor, luring him to me?"

"I don't know."

"I can attempt to take an elevator down. I believe there is enough clearance between the door and ceiling for me to fit, without exposing myself â€‘ go wait for an elevator. I'll say something so you know it's the one I'm on."

"Isn't that dangerous â€‘ I mean for you? What if you get pulled out of the elevator down here?"

"That is why I'm asking you to get on it. Either the man will follow immediately, hoping to get you alone in that enclosed space, or he might wait to see what floor it stops on, and then follow you."

"Okay, I think you should hurry because he might get suspicious if I pass on multiple elevators."

"I will come now."

"Okay," Sookie said again but it was to a dead line. Godric had already hung up the phone.

Even though he could move quick, a vampire was still at the mercy of the speed of the elevators. She moved over to them and looked at the lit numbers above them.

When Sookie saw one of them pause on the seventh floor, she pressed the 'up' button to summon an elevator, hoping she would not have to conspicuously skip the first couple.

The man's attention was still on her, and from what she was hearing in his head, he was not suspicious that she picked up the house phone to call someone â€‘ follow her up. His thoughts were on the simple side, rather than thinking about what he did earlier, who asked him to do this, or what he planned to do whenever he was done here at the hotel. Steve Newlin hired an unsophisticated thug.

When the first elevator opened its doors, it was not the one Sookie wanted, so she took out her cell phone, pretended she was reading something, and ignored the open doors.

The elevator she thought she wanted arrived, and Sookie heard a whisper of "Miss Stackhouse" to confirm it.

She tried to act nonchalant as she got on it, but the guy following her had not much going on inside his noggin except he wanted to beat up a pretty, young woman with long blond hair. Sookie felt not a smidgen of sympathy for him since he had no thoughts about needing money for sick children, what his mama would think of him for doing this, or even believing that Jesus wanted him to beat Sarah Newlin to death for consorting with vampires.

Bill waited near the place he picked for Sookie to be beaten. He had chosen a stairwell to confuse Eric, in case Eric attempted to find her. Bill doubted the Viking would lift a finger, yet he did not want to make it easy by having Sookie laying in a heap outside his door.

Something was not right. Did his chosen attacker do something to allay Sookie's earlier fear? Now she was excited over something. Sookie's direction had also changed, and now she was above him. What was she doing with that man? Was Sookie planning to cheat on him with her glamoured attacker? That was the only conclusion Bill could reach. She was going with another man to his hotel room. This was intolerable.

\*\*\*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\*\*\*

Godric watched till the tall, burly man reached for Sookie as she exited the elevator and grabbed him from behind pinning his arms, steering him down the hall to his room so he could ask questions.

"What are you going to do with him?" Sookie asked, wondering why Godric had no shirt on. He had a really big, odd tattoo on his back.

"Between us, I think we should be able to find out all there is to find out."

"What do you mean?"

"You are a telepath, and I can glamour him to think of what he was told, who told him, and any other details."

Sookie asked, "And then you're going to turn him over to the police?"

"It depends," Godric said pushing the man into a chair, and telling him, "Don't move."

"On what?" she asked, squinting to figure out what that was supposed to be on Godric's back. She saw what looked like an eye. Was it a prehistoric fish?

"So far, he has done nothing. Thinking of killing someone is not a crime."

"So you're going to let him go?" Sookie asked, not quite believing him.

"If he is normally hired for so-called dirty work, we can have him confess to what he has done in the past," Godric said.

Sarah had waited for Godric to come back and now that she saw the stranger who Steve sent to deal with her, she had never seen him before and thought he looked like Gabe's uglier brother.

She crossed her arms over her chest. Sookie Stackhouse was a help, finding him, calling Godric, but it sounded like she'd call someone else if she didn't like Godric's plan to question the man sent to kill her and have him confess any previous crimes he

committed.

Godric put on his shirt from the night before and buttoned the lower half. He sat and asked, "Is he concerned that he was caught, or frightened of reprisal for not carrying out his assignment?"

Sookie answered, "No, he's calm. It's like this means nothing. He doesn't care that he was caught."

"What's his name?"

"He's not thinking of it."

Godric leaned forward, stared at the man, turned his head slightly as if making a small adjustment and asked, "What's your name?"

The man did not answer immediately, yet did answer about twenty seconds later, "Randy."

Godric looked to Sookie.

She said, "That's his name. It was like he needed to think of it."

"Is he mentally disabled?"

"No, it's more like he's empty. He knows he has to find a young blond woman in this hotel and â€¢"

There was a loud thud upon the suite door.

Godric looked at it and listened. His first concern was someone saw him, probably with the security camera, grab this man. There were no heartbeats in the hall, but the sudden yell of "Sookie!" as the wood of the door cracked down the middle as it was struck again identified who was interrupting them.

Sookie demanded, "What the fuck, Bill?"

Bill entered and immediately realized that the man he had glamourised was occupying a chair. Between Godric and Sookie, he could remember and tell them everything about Bill's part in this assault that never happened.

When Sarah's scream over someone busting down the door died, Godric inquired, "Mr. Compton?" to get an explanation for this.

"I came for Sookie. I told her not to leave our room."

"And I told you I ain't your prisoner," Sookie retorted. This was embarrassing. Last night, Bill slugged Eric, which was justified but could have waited, now he was kicking in Godric's door. "I'm helpin' them 'cause the Fellowship of the Sun sent this guy here to hurt Sarah Newlin. I couldn't ignore that."

Bill felt minor relief that his plan to get more of his blood into Sookie while also teaching her a lesson had not spectacularly backfired â€¢ yet. This man was a complete idiot if he mistook Sarah Newlin for Sookie, however, if he was questioned by a powerful vampire that also had Sookie's help, the truth regarding who sent him

would come out.

"You broke down my door to discipline your human?" Godric asked.

Sookie puffed up with indignation. If that was the impression Bill wished to give, and to her it certainly sounded like that, he could do it without her. She was not a piece of meat to be fought over by a couple of dogs. And by dogs, she meant Bill and Eric. Godric was not playing their game.

"I doubt it was Sookie's idea to come in here with you. How dare you seduce her," Bill accused. He needed a chance to act. If he could draw Godric into a fight, the man's death would be collateral damage.

"What?" Sookie blurted out. "You're makin' no sense, Bill. I called Godric, he came downstairs, and watched and when this guy had his hands out, about to grab me round the neck, Godric stopped him."

What was it about Eric and Godric that made them keep sticking their noses where they weren't wanted? They were ancient vampires. Humans, including Sookie, should be nothing to them. So today Godric interfered again. When he was King of Louisiana, Bill would no longer have to tolerate their insolence. Sookie was his.

Bill continued to provoke Godric, by saying, "You don't understand, Sookie. Godric glamourised this man to lure you up here. He knows you can't help trying to help others. You have a good heart and he's taking advantage of that."

"No, Godric was here all day," Sarah said, "and I don't think I've been away from him since I got to the hotel yesterday."

There was a pained look on Godric's face as he replied, "Your argument makes no sense to me. If I wished Mrs. Newlin harm, I can do it myself."

"No, you want her to believe herself in dangers and make her dependent on you."

Godric hunched his shoulder momentarily before responding, "Mrs. Newlin already knows she is in danger. There is no need for me to stage some theatrical farce to prove it, and she can go, leave me or this hotel at any time."

Bill was rapidly reaching the conclusion that a child like Eric must have given Godric the patience of a saint. Godric was not going to strike him. Still, this man must die before Bill's plan was exposed.

Sookie was distracted by the desperation and anguish Sarah felt. She did not want to leave Godric, and also knew that Godric would let her leave at any time. She wanted him. Though Sookie's perception was Sarah was thinking a platonic companionship. There were none of the nasty thoughts that were all over the rest of this hotel regarding sex with vampires.

Bill walked over to the man, stood behind him and asked Godric, "You

are denying you glamoured him? Look at how he's sitting."

"When we arrived I asked him to stay there and his name. Then you interrupted."

Placing his hands on either side of the man's head, Bill taunted, "Since you don't know him," and twisted, snapping the man's neck.

Sookie screamed, "What are you doin'?"

Sarah leaped onto Godric to protect herself, and squirmed to get behind him as he shifted forward to give her room on the chair.

"You murdered him," Godric stated, ignoring Sarah gripping his shoulders from behind to shield herself.

Now that Bill accomplished what he set out to do, he said, "Sookie, we're going."

Sookie's mouth had been still hanging open. She closed it, and simply said, "No." Bill was a killer, and she'd been pretending he wasn't. The Rattrays, Uncle Bartlett and now Randy, who as Godric said, may have committed no crimes. He could have been a Fellowship person that was all twisted up but meant well like Luke MacDonald.

"The police need to be called," Godric said, lifting the phone receiver.

"You can't," Bill objected.

"Crimes have been committed. The AVL's policy is vampires are not above the law."

"But they'll arrest Bill," Sookie protested, trying to think of the right thing to do. She then added, "And you've killed people, Godric."

"I have, but this is not my doing," he said pointing a finger at Randy's body. "I do not allow vampires to do this. If I did, you would be dead twice over, Miss Stackhouse."

"You are no longer sheriff. It is not for you to decide," Bill argued.

Godric's eyebrows rose before he answered, "I would be surprised if Isabel had no response to you breaking in my door and killing a man in front of me, yet I have heard of your ability to have judgments made in your favor when you have killed in the past. It seems you recommend I handle this myself."

Sarah was alone in the chair then, but there was a loud crack to indicate Godric's new position in the room as he released Bill Compton's head and allowed his body to fall to the floor.

With a frown, he said, "With the man, his death is permanent. Shall I stake you like you recently did to Longshadow?"

"No!" Sookie screamed, throwing herself on Bill.

Bill pushed her aside. A stake could go through her into him. A vampire with Godric's strength would not even be slowed by her body.

Sookie scrambled to stay between them and threatened, "I'll tell the police you killed Gabe."

"He was raping you, and promised to kill you."

"And that's what Randy was going to do to Sarah. There's no difference. If Bill committed murder, then so did you. I can tell the cops, and I can't be glamourized to not talk or forget."

"You're blackmailing me?" Godric asked.

"No," Sookie said, then, "Yeah ¦ maybe. You can't ¦ Bill ¦ look, I don't like people getting killed, but bad things'll happen if Bill's arrested."

Not following Sookie's response, Godric restated, "Is that some threat?"

"Yes, it is," Bill answered, rubbing his neck with his hand.

Godric paused, glanced at Sarah, before looking again at Sookie and Bill on the floor, and said, "I do not like this."

Sookie felt sorry for what she was doing to Godric ¦ the blood oozing from his nose added to her feeling of guilt - but she needed time to sort things out. She didn't want to believe Bill was a cold-blooded killer, but he just did it right in front of her.

"We will leave Dallas as soon as I can book a flight," Bill said calmly, standing, running his hands down his clothing, and offering his hand to Sookie.

Sarah's negative thoughts over Bill, and vampires and fangbangers in general, motivated Sookie to take it. People rushing to judge because they don't want anyone looking at the way they live their lives was something Sookie wouldn't put up with. Sarah Newlin certainly wasn't perfect herself.

Godric sat on the sofa, rather than resuming the seat he was in earlier that Sarah now occupied.

Sarah watched the vampire who broke into the suite, and then murder someone, just walk out the door holding the hand of the woman who led the dead man to Godric. Why had she bothered calling Godric at all?

"We should leave too," Godric said.

"Isn't this room registered to you," Sara asked, "even under a false name?"

"Yes," Godric replied. "I meant Dallas. Something is amiss, and I'm not sure it's meant as a threat to you."

"Me?" she asked.

"That's the puzzling part. I wouldn't think your husband would hire a vampire, or even realize so quickly that you were here. It could be regarding your sister. The longer we delay, the more chance that gives whoever is doing this to plan and react. That is why I think we need to act quickly, rather than at the thoughtful pace I prefer. We should leave for Los Angeles."

"When?"

He answered, "Today, if possible," as he picked up the phone.

"Why are you doing this for me?"

"I can understand your desire to know what happened to your sister," Godric answered, then began dialing a number from memory.

Sara whispered, "What about Randy and the door?"

"I'll have to move Randy, but I will let Isabel know. I believe she'll follow up on finding out who he truly was."

## 5. Chapter 5

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Agnus Dei Chapter 5

Godric's admission that he did not like to fly, and wondering what they'd find in Los Angeles, while considering how terribly she could be lied to, were just the start of her anxiety as she watched them load Godric's coffin into the plane. It only heightened after she boarded as the stewardess mentioned, "You look familiar. Have I seen you on television?"

"Me?"

"I guess not. My imagination sometimes gets the better of me since I fly to Los Angeles a lot. You look like that blond years ago who was on Charlie's Angels. Younger though. Even younger than she was on the show."

"Oh, right. Obviously that's not me."

"Can I bring you something to drink after we take off?"

"A Mimosa, please," Sarah responded. It was still early in the day, yet she had noticed that fangbangers were addictive types. Drugs, booze, smoking, gambling â€‘ they were a sorry lot of people that definitely deserved her prayers for strength and guidance.

Those thoughts had Sarah thinking of Amber. They had done community service for years together, before vampires came out of the coffin. Coat and can drives; collecting caps, soup labels, box tops, and printer cartridges; begging their parents to grocery shop all over so they could earn enough points for multiple free frozen turkeys so they could donate them; and packing boxes and bags at the food bank. Their parents had drawn the line when they wanted to raise and train seeing eye dog puppies, but anything else, even serving food at a

Dallas soup kitchen on holidays, was permissible.

They had said 'no' to drugs, the occasional snuck beer, premarital sex, and then Amber changed. There had been a blood donor program, both for injuries, like before, but for some reason there was a need for some vampires to have real blood, at times. Sarah really couldn't remember, except there was this vampire that came around thanking them, while they were sipping their orange juice, and Amber couldn't take her eyes off him.

Why hadn't she told Godric about that? That's when it started. Amber didn't say anything to â€œ was it Leonardo? â€œ no, not that, but something Italian sounding. He had large, dark eyes, and his black hair had curls because it was not as short as Godric's. He also had beautiful eyelashes. And he was tall, and lean.

Anyway, that was what Sarah felt was the turning point for Amber. She wanted to meet vampires, and started going places where they were. Sarah went to a few with her, but it was clubs that were loud, smoky, and full of people behaving badly, and it wasn't the vampires. It took weeks, but one night, Amber came home, and woke her to show her a bite mark on her inner thigh. It was red and puffy and disgusting looking. By the next day, it had bruised. Amber laughed at her, and said it was the greatest feeling of her life.

Sarah had found the Fellowship church by then, and spent more time in prayer. She guessed at what that bite mark meant. Her sister was no longer a virgin.

It wasn't even a month later before Amber didn't come home. Steve had been there for her, but now that Sarah thought about it, how could she not have asked more questions of him, her parents and the police? Later, she should have been suspicious because that's when she first met Gabe. Steve said he hired him special to look for Amber because the police were too busy with all the other girls that vampires made disappear. Amber was just one of dozens.

She was such a fool.

Sarah didn't want to be again, but here she was, sitting on an Anubis plane with a vampire locked in a box over there because it was daytime. She had left her husband to go with a stranger to Los Angeles to attempt to find her sister, who may be as dead as she was last week when she was a happily married woman.

Looking at the long crate with the Anubis logo, Sarah admitted to herself, it wasn't just some stranger, it wasn't just some vampire, it was Godric. Being with him made her feel differently. She still did not like vampires, but Godric was not like the others. He was solid, like a rock, amidst everything rushing past him like a raging river. A big rock, mostly dry, where someone could haul themselves out of the violent current and find safety.

Was this the first sign that she was losing her mind? No, the second. Jason Stackhouse had been the first. Sarah was going to burn in Hell. Though she was somewhat sure she didn't lust after Godric. She had stalked Jason, but it was not like that with Godric. He had not said anything when she had touched him, but Sarah felt Godric was not responding to her. Maybe that was where she got the idea about comparing him to a large rock.

Other vampires oozed that dangerous sexuality. For two nights, there had been vampires around her. Even foul-mouthed Nan Flanagan wearing leather to compensate for her disastrous hair.

Sarah could recall moments of Godric looking anything but sexy or dangerous. Quiet, hurt, lost â€“ tentatively looking at the inside of the coffin he was in now before admitting he did not like flying. Was he even resting in there, or listening to everything around him?

Either Godric's age made him unusual, or there was a lot normal people did not know about vampires. He did not drop lifeless to the floor when the sun rose, and he was definitely awake before the sun set. At the church, Gabe swore he was awake the entire time, but that had been over a week. Then there was the way Godric looked. Other vampires did sit beside him, and his skin looked different, his fingers looked different, his eyes â€“ were beautiful, except they were pink-rimmed. She overheard Eric, who seemed to hate Nan as much as her, say Godric had not fed. Sarah had never seen him drink anything. Tru Blood, bagged donor blood, or directly from a person.

Would it serve her right if he lured her to California to drain and kill her, knowing that she was a complete idiot? Sarah was even traveling with a false identity. He had somehow gotten her another driver's license and a credit card, so no one would know who she was. Sarah still had her real ones. There had been a moment of dread that Godric would ask for those, but he hadn't. He was a confusing individual. Why was he helping her, if it wasn't to do something horrible to her? He couldn't be the virtuous, angelic individual she imagined. He was a vampire.

She admitted to herself that traveling with a vampire in a box was lonelier than traveling with Steve when Gabe was plotting with him. What proof was there that Godric was even on the plane? It could be an elaborate magic trick. She saw him get in the box, had been with the box the entire trip, and when she got to where they were going, it would be empty when they got to the Hotel Orlok.

Their plane landed while it was still daylight out. Godric had told her they would be taken to the hotel by the airline's transportation.

Everything seemed efficient, with both Godric and their luggage getting loaded into the back of the van. The driver didn't get lost, and when they got to the hotel, Sarah didn't understand at first that they were going to drive Godric around to another entrance, when they dropped her off in front, and after some discussion, she said she wanted to stay with him and go through the freight delivery entrance.

They did not need her to check in because Godric had told her the reservation and payment was already taken care of, and if asked, she was just to give the name of 'Godfrey' for him, and that he'd take care of any discrepancies when he rose after sunset.

He had also given her a handful of cash for tipping whoever she was supposed to. Godric had been vague, and when she asked, he said he did not travel much so it was up to her. She gave their Anubis driver

\$20, and the men who took them from the freight entrance up to the room \$20 too.

What was it about vampire hotels? The color scheme here was gray, both dark and light, and black, with chrome accents. It was also as quiet as the other one, with the whispering air conditioning providing the only background noise.

Sarah almost shrieked when the phone startled her.

"Hello?"

"Miss Newman?"

"Yes," she answered, since that was her fake last name.

"I am His Highness' daytime concierge. I have arranged for a limousine to pick up your vampire and you at ten tonight."

Who was His Highness? She thought Godric mentioned someone named Lamar, and from something Eric said, suspected he may have bad manners.

"May I please have your telephone number? I will not be able to confirm anything without talking to â€| my vampire."

"Of course. It's 323-555-1212."

Sarah made note of it, and said, "Thank you. Ten? So unless you hear from me, we'll be expecting the ride then."

She hung up. It's not that limousines were foreign to her, but why was one coming to pick them up? It sounded like there'd be another late night for her, so Sarah went and laid down in the pink track suit she'd worn for the flight.

Her worries kept her from falling asleep, so it was a surprise to open her eyes and see Godric looking down at her. He wasn't smiling, yet he had that pleasant expression of his.

"It is fifteen minutes to ten, and you left a note about a limousine?" Godric asked. He would not have paid any attention to the scribble, but he had overheard much of Sarah's day while locked in that boring box.

"Oh my â€| goodness," Sarah said, sitting up. "I meant to ask you, but you were resting, then I fell asleep."

"It is fine. They can't leave without us."

"What should I wear?"

"Whatever you like."

"The man who called said something odd though. He said it was for His Highness. Did he mean you?"

"No, Lamar commands the loyalty of many vampires. I believe if your sister is still involved with vampires, he could be of assistance."

"So he's a sheriff like you â€‘ were?"

"The titles are only for vampires, and I have known Lamar so long, that we address each other familiarly."

"The titles are only for vampires, and I have known Lamar so long, that we address each other familiarly."

\*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\*

Like the rest of the house they had seen so far, this room also looked like a movie set to Sarah. There was a center area with shallow pools of water arranged in the corners, and the people lounged around on what looked like daybeds, but without the backs. She knew she saw this sort of thing on television for Roman scenes. The Romans were decadent and crucified Jesus.

Waving a languid hand, the man with the long dreadlocks almost hissed, "Clear a space for Godric and his human. He's older than your maker's maker's maker, fool, and deserving of our respect."

Godric kept his face passive.

Sarah wondered if the women lounging with His Highness on his divan were Star Wars fans. They were wearing variations of Princess Leia's slave girl costume, when she was chained to Jabba the Hutt. With so much skin on display, she was relieved that they were not covered with bruises and bite marks. They also did not have manacles and chains.

Lamar rose after Godric gave him a nod, rather than a bow, and intoned, "Lamar."

"Godric, my friend, it has been too long."

When Lamar held out his hands to him, Godric put his hands in them, and Lamar took an exaggerated look at his hand, and asked, "Your human is not to your liking?"

Sarah frowned at him.

"Miss Newman is with me, Lamar. I have no interest in sharing."

Sarah erased her frown, because if Godric asked her for something, which she suspected they meant blood, she'd decline, but offer to heat him up a bottle of Tru Blood. In their fledgling relationship, she was feeling like a taker, rather than a giver. Godric was doing everything, and asked for nothing in return.

"Miss Newman," Lamar repeated, releasing one of Godric's hands and crossing over his other one to offer to take hers.

Sarah knew that they were the same temperature as the room, so tried to be polite and held her hand out to his.

Lamar took her left hand in his, the one he wanted, and shifted it upwards between them and said, "Miss Newman, a pleasure."

He pointedly looked at her wedding band and engagement ring on her ring finger, and as her cheeks colored and he looked into her eyes, she blurted out, " "ÃžÃ° ert myndarlegur, en grimm, strÃ—sherra."

"You are attempting to glamour her already, Lamar? I find your natural charm to be effective when you choose to employ it. Are you pressed for time?"

"Yet again you have uncovered my naughtiness, Godric. No, I can spend all evening with you and your companion. Would you like to retire to somewhere private?"

"I don't believe that's necessary," Godric replied.

"Please be seated."

Godric extended his free hand to indicate that Sarah should seat herself first on the maroon velvet divan. After already seeing the way women were lounging, Sarah sat down properly, as if it was a regular chair or sofa, and folded her hands in her lap, atop her clutch. On the other hand, Godric made himself comfortable, mostly behind her, with his knees curled against her waist to the right, and Godric reclining on his elbow to her left.

Lamar sat close to Godric and ran his fingers across the front of Godric's hair. "So short now."

"The sister?" Godric asked.

"What do I receive in exchange for my information?"

"Do you have information?" Godric clarified.

"Yes, but you are no longer a sheriff."

"Why would that matter?"

"I want to establish my beginning position to strike this bargain."

Godric frowned. "I am not interested in a drawn out negotiation. State what you need and I will not be cross if what you tell me is helpful."

"I could ask for anything?" Lamar touched a fingertip to the center of Godric's upper lip.

Sarah sucked in a breath and Godric's hand touched her arm. He said, "Lamar, do not torment her over her sister. She is here to know as soon as I do if her sister is still alive."

It was Lamar's turn to frown. "I know who this is."

"Tell us. Alive?"

Lamar slowly nodded. "Probably."

"And?"

Sarah tensed.

"I will tell you, Godric, when I am ready."

"Why are you prolonging this?"

"If you're not in the mood for foreplay, very well. Come with me."

## 6. Chapter 6

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters from the books or True Blood. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

Agnus Dei

>Chapter 6<p>Sarah waited for hours. There was television, books, even word search puzzle magazines. There were other people waiting in the lounge, but no one that Sarah would normally socialize with.<p>

She paced herself by only allowing herself a coffee once every hour, which cut down on how many trips she made to the ladies' room.

There was a countdown to dawn, besides a regular clock, on the wall. When it hit the two hour mark, Sarah became more worried. She thought she knew what Lamar wanted with Godric, which she definitely did not approve of, but why was it taking so long? If they were doing what she thought they were doing, it shouldn't have taken more than twenty minutes.

Then she could spend the rest of the night informing Godric of why he could not do this sort of thing. Even if this vampire gave Godric the information to find her sister, it was similar to prostitution. And Sarah could not develop a good impression of anyone that seemed to prey on Godric's underage appearance.

Sarah had her own ideas about Godric, but it wasn't about the way he looked. In fact, his appearance and manner strengthened her resolve not to touch him. She was on the right path now.

While half-heartedly searching for the names of natural wonders, Sarah started when she realized Godric was two feet in front of her.

She looked up, and he said, "We can stay longer, if you wish the opportunity to finish that."

Sarah threw the magazine aside and stood.

"What took so long?" she asked.

Godric looked momentarily blank, then said, "I had not estimated how long I would be occupied. We can leave whenever you wish now."

"Did he give any hint as to how long it'll take to find some information?"

"I have an address. And use of one of the drivers for us. Is tomorrow night soon enough? It grows late."

"You have an address?" she repeated.

"Yes."

"A real address?"

"I do not know this city, but I doubt it's a false one."

"Did he know it before he made that ¢ bargain with you?"

"Yes."

"So ¢ he tricked you?"

"Not really. Lamar is vampire. He wanted something and got it."

"What about you?"

"What about me?"

"You didn't want it."

"I am unharmed," Godric replied.

"You're a vampire too, so he couldn't have hurt you physically, but in other ways he could have."

"May we go?" he asked. Godric could not explain this in a few words. It was preferable if he did not have to explain anything because he understood it was a sin. Probably a very bad one since it involved two male vampires. However, it was a convenient way to give Lamar what he wanted so Godric could rely upon his cooperation and good will while in his territory.

"Of course," Sarah answered, thinking that it was only natural Godric would want to leave this horrible place after he was violated.

The car ride back to the hotel was quiet. Godric sat too still for Sarah's liking. She was afraid of what he was thinking, or reliving in his head.

Godric felt Sarah's hand on his. He knew what that meant. She expected talking. He remained silent in order to allow her to name the subject.

His aiding her did not entitle her to anything extra. Godric kept her close since he knew Sarah would be an attractive target, and not only to vampires. He only needed to do the basics such as keep her safe, have others find out what happened to her sister, and if she was still alive, reunite the two women.

Lamar's information of an address was obtained from a government agency. Someone using Amber's name was not working, collecting some benefit to provide food, and also a room at a motel. Lamar had only added that it was in a bad neighborhood, so that is why Godric felt he should accompany Sarah to visit the location. He could quickly glamour anyone that sought to give her trouble, and also ask

questions, if Amber was not there or someone had assumed her identity.

Not sure what she should talk about, Sarah fell back to planning what was next. "So tonight, we'll go to the address you received?"

"Yes, I think I should at least accompany you the first time, in case there is something wrong."

Sarah nodded. She didn't trust Lamar.

Now that Sarah was quiet, Godric reassured her, "From there, we will decide what to do next."

\*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\*

She was close to trusting Godric. This seemed too elaborate to be a set-up, especially after believing Steve and Gabe. Sarah prayed they'd find Amber tonight.

"Are you sure this was the address?" Sarah asked again. The cab was leaving them. Now what were they going to do?

"If it is incorrect, I am not adverse to letting Lamar know."

"What if he told you the wrong thing on purpose?"

"He may have, but we will not know till we knock on â€| this door, correct?"

Sarah didn't like this place at all. Amber couldn't be here. This was a roach motel of the lowest order, with derelicts hanging outside and in the halls with poor lighting.

She reminded herself Godric was a vampire, not simply because she felt safe here with him around, but he tilted his head next to the door in question and listened. Looking at her, he said softly, "I think there are three people inside."

Still unsure about the information given to them by another vampire, Sarah shifted so Godric was between her and the door, before extending an arm around him to knock. Her other hand clenched the back of his shirt, to futilely prevent him from leaving her.

Whispering, Godric said, "Movement."

"Who's there?" a harsh, woman's voice yelled through the door. Both of them could see the peephole darken.

Focusing on the circle of glass, Godric suggested, "Open the door."

Sarah's second hand clutched Godric's shirt as she heard the rattle of a chain, and then a dead bolt being retracted.

The person who opened the door was her sister, Amber. Thinner, aged, splotchy-faced, with their natural hair color hanging in unwashed disarray, wearing a worn tank top, and yoga pants that had seen better days. Sarah was in shock. Her sister really was alive.

"It costs extra for couples, even if one of you's only goin' to watch."

"Amber?" Sarah asked, hoping Amber was not selling something that she shouldn't be selling.

"Yeah?"

Godric got out from between them, and Sarah stepped forward, saying, "It's me, Sarah."

"Sarah? What are you doin' here?"

"I came to find you."

"Why? You got your life on television."

"I thought you were dead."

"You believed your own PR?" Amber responded trying to make her sister feel guilty. She could use some more money.

"No, I thought you were killed by a vampire."

"If only â€| who are you?" she asked Godric.

"My friend," Sarah insisted. "He helped me find you."

Her eyes took in some tell-tale signs of a vampire who had not fed either from a person or drank synthetic blood. Did her sister Pollyanna some fanger into thinking he could go vegan like her? Funny, but also good. Pints of gullible V were hard to find. He probably wasn't worried about how many people in this building had silver waiting to be wrapped around his neck. He was on the small side, so Amber was sure she could get him into the bathtub to drain him.

"Why don't both of you come in then?" Amber invited, scheming how to get money from her sister, then send her out for something, or maybe not even get money, there was enough money standing here in a pair of sandals. Her mouth watered at the thought. She hadn't been able to get V in over a week. All Amber had left were some crumbs of caked blood that she'd have to mix with water.

Godric's eyes found the source of the other pulses in the room first. Two children. There was a babe in a pulled-out dresser drawer, and a toddler sitting in a sort of cage made of fabric netting, raised off the floor on short, metal legs.

Sarah had been looking around at the disgusting mess of a motel room. The bed was unmade, there was beer and soda cans lined up on the surfaces and tossed to the floor, fast food wrappers, dirty clothes, a dirty ashtray, baby bottles â€| who would let her sister babysit, both in her condition and in this room?

Sensing opportunity, when the vampire moved to her little girl, and looked down and touched a finger to her, Amber moved over and whispered, "I'll let you bite her for a price."

"I am not here for that," Godric responded.

"You're hungry. I can tell. Look at your fingers. How about me? A bite for a bite?"

"No thank you," he responded, and when Sarah engaged Amber in conversation, he quickly undid the snaps on its outfit to look at its skin, before redressing it.

"What is this?" Sarah asked. There were two dark-skinned babies here, and it sounded like her sister was trying to negotiate something with Godric that involved blood.

"This one is having trouble breathing," Godric pointed out, neglecting to mention he was concerned about the three different bites he saw on her skin. One was almost healed, but two were fresher. It may be so sick, it was healing slowly.

Sarah saw a lot of snot running out of its nose, so asked, "Did her mother leave any medicine for him?"

"It's a girl. My daughter, and no, I'm clean out of Triaminic. Why don't you be a dear and go get some?"

"Your daughter? You're married?"

"Does it look like it?"

"Then how did â€¦? Oh."

"Yeah, 'oh'. You found me, judged me, and now you're gonna leave and act like you never found me."

"No, I'd never do that. I'm surprised. Shocked, and I â€¦ I don't know what to do. I'm getting an annulment from Steve so my life's turned upside down right now, but I could stay and help."

"Do you have any money?"

"A little, Godric paid to get us here from Dallas and for the hotel â€¦ but â€¦" Sarah looked to him.

"I would not hinder you from staying with your sister, Mrs. Newlin. Finding her is what you asked of me, and that goal has been accomplished. I am not seeking repayment of any kind."

Sarah knew Godric would refuse to be paid back, because that's the kind of person he was, but didn't he see how wrong this was? This was a dump. Amber shouldn't be here, nor her daughter, and she was afraid to ask about the one in the play pen, and Sarah certainly didn't belong here either.

Amber was sure she heard the name Godric before, but that was a long time ago, maybe another lifetime, before L.A., before the first pregnancy, before the money from that shaven head goon from that church. It was a vampire name, and it had to be another vampire who said it. But who and in what context? She doubted he was a new vampire if he had money to waste on Sarah. She was in the midst of speculating how much of a sap this vampire was, when she saw her sister clutch at his hand to work her 'damsel in distress'

routine.

"Godric, can't you help with this?"

"I don't understand. You asked she be found, and here your sister is. The two of you are reunited."

"Yes," Sarah agreed, "but this place â€“ why are you living here, Amber?"

"It's where welfare put me. I have two kids so I get a check and debit card."

Sarah groaned. Amber was not babysitting the second child for a neighbor. Wait, how old was it, and how did she already have a second one? Amber had been missing two years, certainly not three.

"The children's father?" Godric asked.

"Not quite sure. I mean, I can take a bit of guess because they're â€“ you know â€“" she lowered her voice and said, "darker than me. Figures, those kind would put holes in their condoms. I was charging them extra when I had blond hair, and when they filmed it. It was good money, especially since I could do a couple at a time. I have my Hep D card, if you're interested in some of that, instead of blood."

"No thank you," Godric repeated.

Sarah's mouth had dropped open when her sister speculated on her children's parentage, and had not closed, so Amber was able to respond, "You got a cow giving it to you for free. I get it. Actually, you're pretty slick, aren't you? You stole away the prim preacher's wife that was always on television, putting you down. Sarah's talking too good for it to be you glamouring her, blood? Polly Purebred's on the V, and doing all the nasty stuff she dreams about?"

"I have not given Mrs. Newlin any of my blood. She asked for you to be found, and that is what I did. I have not defiled her in any way."

"Defiled," Amber laughed, then added, "and I know you haven't had her blood with you looking like that. Sarah's done cock tease one better with this. Are you hoping that she'll let you have her tonight, now that I've been found? It was her friends that gave me the money to get out of Dallas and disappear. Lots of money, and more, when I called to see if I could get more so I could stay gone."

"What friends?" Sarah asked.

"Your church friends. I think they gave some money to mom and dad so they wouldn't look for me. How are they?"

"They're dead. They died in a car crash when I was on my honeymoon. I didn't know till I got home because we were on one of those islands with no phone service and no internet."

"Uh huh, well, I thought as much, considering some of the responses I got, but I let them know that I told a few people who I was related

to, if something should happen to me."

"Like who?"

"I meet people. Some of them find it interesting."

"Are you talking about your ¢| customers?"

Amber replied, "You may look down on it now, but if you're staying, honey, you're gonna end up doin' it too. Maybe you should go now, and forget about me."

Sarah was tempted, yet Godric was here. She had to do something. Refusal clear in her voice, Sarah said, "I can't leave you. You're my sister."

Laughing, Amber said, "Yeah, you are."

"The child's medicine?" Godric interrupted. "Is it something I can get? That will allow the two of you to discuss things frankly without my presence."

Sarah first thought was she did not want to stay here without protection. Even to her, that sounded cowardly. There was a lock on the door, and bars on the window, and if those people outside were really dangerous, Godric did not appear intimidating enough to stop them.

"Yeah," Amber said, because she needed time to think this over. She wanted this vampire's blood, or any vampire's blood, and somehow she could use her sister to get it. If not, she needed that booger factory quieted down. Even the vampires that enjoyed baby blood didn't care for that. "There's a store two blocks that way, called Rite Aid. In there, there'll be a sign in the aisle for cold medicine. Tri-a-min-ic comes in different flavors. Get the one for congestion. She's not coughing." She then asked, "You have money, right? Some vampires don't carry any."

"Is this medicine costly?"

"Less than ten dollars."

"I have enough," Godric replied.

Sarah knew Triaminic or any cough medicine was inexpensive, compared to prescriptions. Why didn't Amber already have some?

To Sarah, he said, "I should not be gone long, and if I become confused, I'll call you."

"Okay."

Godric left the room at normal human speed, closing the door behind him, before arriving at Rite Aid seconds later. He rarely went into stores, so this was something new, and he was positive the bright lighting would reveal what he was. Entering, he noticed the woman at the register stare at him, and then continue watching him with a strategically placed mirror in the corner of the ceiling. If she had not looked so initially hostile, he would have asked her where the cold medicine was for youths, but thought he should try to be

self-sufficient with the information Mrs. Newlin's sister gave him.

The aisles were clearly marked, and Godric found the section with cough and cold medicine. There were many kinds. Perhaps he should have asked for the spelling â€¢ bottom shelf, Triaminic, available in many colors.

Godric looked at the back of the box for the yellow one. It was not for children under two years of age. He had not asked how old the girl was. Younger than two, he suspected. He put it back, then looked at the others. None of them was for under two years of age. He guessed he was looking at the wrong section of medicine, and wandered over to the baby section which had no Triaminic. There were many other things that made sense for a small child, and looking at the age specific items, the pictures led him to believe that the child in the drawer might be less than six months old.

"Can I help you?" asked a deep, aggressive voice.

Godric answered the large, uniformed man, "I hope so." He was disappointed to read the patch on his uniform said 'Security'. Security did not give him the impression that this man could provide medical advice, yet if he was in here every day working, he might know where the medicine was.

Since the man glared at him, Godric continued speaking, "I was asked to get Triaminic medicine for congestion for an infant."

"This way," the man said, leading Godric back to the cold medicine aisle, where he was before.

"Bottom shelf."

"These?" Godric questioned. He picked up the box with the yellow medicine, and turned it over to show the man, "It says it is not for children under two years of age without a doctor."

"How old's your kid?"

"I don't know."

"How come you don't know how old? Don't you know its birthday?"

"Oh, it can't be mine. I'm vampire, and a terrible judge of physical age."

"Why are you buying the medicine?"

"She is sick, her mother has no medicine, and I have money."

The man shook his large, shaved head sadly. That was the problem with vampires, they were less than 1% of the population, but had a lot of the wealth. One of the few things that Clyde could agree with politicians regarding. They needed to be taxed. Everyone that made a lot of money needed to be taxed, because they made their wealth on the back of the working man.

"So what are you getting out of this?"

"The medicine?" Godric replied hopefully, not understanding.

"She gonna suck your cock, or you gonna drink her blood?"

"Neither. I am not interested in bartering. I was told the medicine would not cost much, and they were uncomfortable with me being there while they talked."

"You shouldn't give it by age, but by weight," the guy suddenly said.

"If it's a good sized one year old, half the two year dose. Smaller, a quarter."

"You are certain? I don't want to do harm due to my ignorance."

"What'd you grow up with, doped to sleep on Nyquil?" The tattoo across his collarbone was a clue that this kid wasn't a walking, sob story about vampires.

"No, I am old, yet I have not given human medicine any thought before tonight. This is confusing."

"I prefer Robitussin, but Triaminic will work for a runny nose too. No coughing?"

"I didn't hear any, but her breathing is wet. I was told specifically Triaminic."

"Buy this then."

The security guard followed him to the counter so he could make the purchase.

The woman was surly, and declined to take the money he offered her, pointing at a sign that said 'No bills accepted above \$20'. He put the \$100 bill back in his thin billfold, and handed her his credit card.

"What's with this?" she asked.

"You don't take credit cards?"

"I've never seen a red American Express card. What is it? The new Platinum or Black card?"

"When I use it, money is donated to the Global Fund."

"Is that some vampire thing?" the security guard asked.

"No, I believe it gets malaria nets and tuberculosis vaccines to countries that need them."

The woman swiped the card, and the purchase was approved, despite the strange color of the card.

Godric put a large 'G' on the slip and handed it and the pen back to her.

"Thank you," he said, as she gave him the bag and his card back.

"What the fuck was that?" the cashier asked.

After Godric left, the security guard said, "Hey, at least he wasn't in here to steal formula, like that baby daddy two nights ago."

Godric got onto a roof before pulling out his phone. He was disappointed he took so long getting the medicine, but he suspected the child's illness was not its only problem.

"This is Godric. May I speak to Lamar, please?"

"What? You reconsider becoming my sheriff?"

"I can't. You know the Authority would never approve."

"I'm king, and what I say goes."

"I cannot do that. Your current sheriff of Los Angeles, is he available?"

"Why?"

"We found the woman we were looking for, but when she realized I was a vampire, she tried to sell me baby blood."

"And you believed her?"

"The infant has bite marks on its body. I did not check the older child."

Lamar laughed, and asked, "Sarah Newlin's sister sells infant blood to vampires?"

"I think she may be a V addict. Her judgment is impaired. She may know what vampires accepted her offer. It is still taboo amongst us to feed from children, if others are available."

With an audible sigh, Lamar said, "Hm, and you want an area sheriff to look into it?"

"Yes."

"After turning me down."

"Yes."

"You have some set of balls."

"Yes."

Lamar laughed, then asked, "What do I get for this?"

"Other than knowing vampires in your kingdom obey our rules?"

"I suppose it's my turn to reply 'yes'. I don't really care. I know where that woman is living. Blame it on rats."

"She'd sell me her children, if I asked."

"Buy 'em, if you're so worried."

"You will do nothing?"

"I don't know. You could try seduction. You don't need to be my sheriff. Be my consort instead."

"I'm flattered, Lamar, but I don't think I would be comfortable in your court."

"I could keep you hidden in my daytime lair. You won't be exposed to their crassness. You'd be all mine."

It was tempting to stay hidden away from everything, but not productive. Godric needed to fix what was wrong with Sarah's sister, then he could resume his plans to put an end to this. He could not be sheriff of Los Angeles because he was an outsider, and with Lamar residing in this city, appeals could easily go directly to the king to countermand him, and Godric knew Lamar would reverse many things on him. Lamar was contrary and let his moods dictate his decisions, rather than what was right.

"I realize being your consort would be an honor, yet I do not feel that way towards you. You deserve someone better, Lamar."

"Why do you have to let your honesty get in the way, Godric? I didn't claim I loved you. You're excellent at sex, and I want to fuck you every night."

"I don't find such talk enticing, Lamar. I will talk to you again later. Perhaps you'll be in a more cooperative mood."

"Don't forget who's in disgrace."

"I know that, and I thank you."

"What do I got to do to get through those manners of yours, silver you?"

"Why would you do that to me, Lamar?"

"I probably wouldn't. Go take care of your woman, and you may call me again."

Lamar was frustrated. What he really wanted was Godric and Eric. The fun times they used to have in Paris and the countryside. With Godric here, it would be easy to get Eric to visit. Two ancient vampires in his kingdom. Something was brewing, and he wanted as much muscle as he could get. Godric could not be immune to the insult the Authority just delivered to him.

\*\*\* Tru Blood \*\*\*

"Children?" Sarah said, trying to make conversation.

"I didn't plan it, and I didn't know I was pregnant till later, but I wouldn't have gotten this place from the city without the two little

bastards."

"Ah â€| " Sarah replied, more in horror than agreement.

"You should sit down."

Looking for a less filthy place, Sarah perched on the edge of a chair.

"Who's that vampire?"

"Godric is a vampire from Dallas. I talked to him about you, and he offered to help find out what happened to you â€| back when I thought you were dead, but then another vampire found out that you were on a plane to Los Angeles and may still be here, so we came and Godric spoke to Lamar â€| "

"The king?"

"Yes, he is."

"He can just walk in and speak to the vampire king of California?"

"He sent a car for us, and he gave Godric this address."

"Who is Godric?"

"He's â€| I can't sum him up in words. Godric's over two thousand years old, but not like other vampires."

"Two â€| " Amber started. She needed to taste that blood.

"Steve talked to him, and got him over to the church, and was setting up a ceremony where he'd be on a platform in front of the whole congregation at dawn, chained to a cross, and burn."

"He was your husband's prisoner?"

"More like a guest. Godric wants to do the right thing, and when other vampires came looking for him, he asked them not to fight, and Steve ended up looking like a fool because he demanded we all martyr ourselves, but the vampires wouldn't touch us because Godric told them not to."

"So when he made your husband look like a fool, you changed sides?"

"No, it's â€| Steve hasn't been honest with me, and now that I found out you've been alive all this time, I can tell he's not the man I thought I was marrying."

"And what about Godric?"

"He's helped me."

"And what else?"

"Well, he handled getting me here, and hiding from Steve â€| you heard he sent a suicide bomber to a vampire's house? That was

Godric's. People got killed, not just vampires."

"Maybe he was jealous of you running after a vampire."

"I didn't track Godric down till after that. I had to think, then I had to find him and convince him I wasn't there to blow myself up too. He listened to me when he didn't have to."

"Uh huh," Amber said, coaxing her sister to speak more. "Has he had any of your blood?"

"No."

"Have you had his?"

"No."

"Don't you want to try it? A vampire that old has got to be a trip. It will make you feel so powerful."

"No, I don't want to do V. I wanted to find you."

"So what are you going to do now?"

"I don't know. I want to help you."

"Is Godric going to give you money?"

"Why?"

"Do you have some, or is he paying for everything?"

"He is."

"And now you've found me, and want to help me. What are you going to do, move in here with me, and eat the food I buy with my SNAP card? If we had some of his blood, we could sell it for a lot of money."

"I can't ask him for his blood."

"Why not? Offer him yours. I'll give him mine. He can take it from the brats, if that's what he prefers."

"Amber, we can't do that."

"So you're just letting him screw you? And he doesn't bite you when you're doing it?"

"We don't do anything. Nothing at all. He's a gentleman. The only time that came up is when I first found him and he questioned me, making me tell the truth that I didn't want his blood or want him to take mine."

"You don't know what you're missing," Amber assured her, picking up a drinking glass. "Let me get you some water."

"I'm not missing anything," Sarah reassured her sister, and also herself. Godric was tempting, without trying to be. Sarah wanted something from him. She didn't think it was his blood, and it may not

be sex. Sarah believed Godric was destined to do something remarkable, and she wanted to be there to support him. So far, Godric had been helping her, rather than the other way around.

Amber mixed into the tap water what little bit of flaked vampire blood she could scrape together. Either Sarah was with her, or she was competition. She didn't want her sister to be competition, especially since she brought such wealth with her. If they could silver that vampire, and hold him hostage, his blood would make them wealthy, besides enjoying it herself.

Sarah needed that drink of water, or any distraction from reality. Her sister was alive, with two children out of wedlock, and living in a cheap motel in a bad neighborhood in Los Angeles. Staying and helping was the right thing to do, but how could she stay here? How could she help? Change diapers? Feed the children? Get medicine when she was afraid to set foot outside the door?

Ugh, LA tap water â€“ was this a dirty glass, or was the water tinged brown?

"It's fine," Amber insisted, noticing her sister staring at it. "I mix up the baby formula with it, and they're good."

Sarah worried there could be lead in the pipes that would hurt the children. They seemed to have enough disadvantages already, but Amber didn't seem worried enough to get them bottled water or a Brita filter.

Sipping carefully, Sarah didn't like the taste or temperature. It was tepid, and had an aftertaste. She hoped Godric was back soon. He may have an idea of what to do about this.

She drank more when Sarah noticed the toddler staring at her, while drooling on the fist in his mouth.

"What are their names?" she asked.

"Oh, that's Brooklyn, and this is Alabama."

Two places that Sarah had never visited, she thought with a slow nod, and another drink of water. Amber was joking, right? Sarah could use something stronger to drink. The minibar in the hotel had lots to drink in it.

It was a relief to hear a scratch at the door. Sarah knew that was an odd habit of Godric's, instead of knocking. She drained her glass, to prepare to leave. She could come back tomorrow, when it was daylight, and this would all look better.

Amber was alive, and that was a reason to be happy. Very happy, she thought to herself, trying to lift the corners of her mouth to show how happy she was. Seeing Godric made her happier.

Godric was let in by Amber, and he entered, opened the bag, and asked, "Is this correct?" while showing her the box of Triaminic.

"Yeah, maybe I should have trusted you to get formula too. Thanks," she said, taking the box, brushing her hand against his.

"Godric, what do you think I should do?" Sarah asked.

When she didn't say more, Godric prompted, "Regarding?"

"This?" Sarah said with extra emphasis.

"I don't understand. You are not happy?"

"I am, but what do I do?"

"You can do as you like, Mrs, Newlin."

"I've asked you to call me Sarah," she snapped.

"Sarah then. You have found your family, and since leaving your husband is stressful, this is good for you, and Rev. Newlin may not suspect you have left Dallas yet."

"Right, but what about us?"

"This residence is not large, but I don't think you should ask your sister and family to change because you've arrived."

"What?"

"The four of you, or the adults, can reach a compromise."

"No, I mean you."

Amber silently cheered her sister. It sounded like this vampire was going to be out the door in a minute unless she got out the silver net she had hidden. It was a big investment, but worth it if she caught a vampire. Two thousand years old. His blood was worth a fortune. Actually, this was a bad place for it. Too many nosy people around here.

"Maybe we should go with you," Amber suggested.

"Where?" Godric asked. He had not discussed with Sarah his plans, or lack of them, after they found Amber.

"Anywhere," Amber said with a smile. "If my sister's in danger from her husband, I don't think this is a safe place. They kind of know where I am, and wouldn't this be someplace they'd check for her?"

"Possibly," Sarah said hesitantly. She didn't want to believe Steve knew her sister was alive and â€œ| not so well, here in Los Angeles. When they had arguments, something like this piece of news, especially the two children, or a photo of them, would have given Steve clear victory.

Godric knew Sarah was afraid of her husband, and he could not fault her logic, based on his actions, and his ability to deflect prosecution regarding terrorism charges. Hurting or murdering Sarah were possibilities, and now her sister, niece and nephew could be part of his perceived revenge.

When Godric remained silent, Sarah prompted, "At least to the hotel

for a day or two, till we can think of what we should do. They have security there, and like in Dallas, you thought no one would look for me in a vampire hotel."

"If that is what the two of you want."

"That would be fine. Let me pack up some things, and call for a ride."

Sarah hadn't expected Godric to disappear after saying, "I'll meet you at the hotel," when the taxi came to pick them up. It made sense, since there wasn't room in the car for three adults and two car seats.

He did meet them when they pulled up and gave the driver money. Godric had gotten change for the larger bill he had inside the Hotel Orlok while he waited for them to arrive.

End  
file.